My Secrets of Love

by

Elinor Glyn

The Famous Author of
"Three Weeks"
"His Hour"
"Where Love Leads"
Etc.

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"We are thoroughly well accustomed to the words 'Love, honor, cherish and obey'—but do we really in our hearts take them at their literal and true meaning?"

No. XXXI.—Ought the Marriage Ceremony Be Changed?

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OUGHT the words of the marriage ceremony be changed? I know this is a matter which calls for serious reflection.

We are thoroughly well accustomed to the words "Love, honor, cherish and obey"—but do we really in our hearts take them at their literal and true meaning?

How can human creatures be certain of keeping vows which do not depend upon themselves? As well swear that to-morrow it will not rain.

Just take the vow to love, for instance. What is to happen if at the end of a year or two the man or the woman has so disillusioned his or her partner that, with the best intention, the only emotion felt is one of boredom, if not dislike? This might occur with the most worthy, honorable and religious person, and the spirit of the vow has already been broken by the one disillusioned.

But the disillusion was caused by the action of the other partner! So who should take the blame?

Then the woman's vow "to honor"! She may have the strongest desire to fulfil it, but the man, we will say, commits some hateful action which fills her with contempt. How can she go on "honoring" then? Thus she must automatically break her vow!

It seems to me it would be more logical and honest to swear only upon possibilities; because the only vow either could make with impunity would be to remain materially loyal and outwardly honoring, since they have no control over the inward emotion. They might swear to do their best to keep the spiritual pact, also, and then have a prayer to God to ask for blessing.

For I firmly believe that the actual breaking of a vow, whether in the letter or the spirit, draws a corresponding current of misfortune and sorrow. It is not the ceasing to love or ceasing to honor, which may be quite natural under the circumstances. No sensible business man would give his personal word about a matter over which a moment's common sense reflection would show him he had no control. So why should people do differently when they marry?

You can control your acts—but you cannot control your thoughts. And the thoughts can be as much breaking of vows as actions can.

It is a matter of serious consideration, this possible revision of the marriage ceremony, to insure honesty. For going through it glibly as we do now is not being straight really, is it?

Fighting The Vulture in the War Upon The Plague

Science Makes Many Interesting Discoveries About the Germ-Carrying Powers of the Horrible Turkey Buzzard and Their Connection with the Threatened Outbreaks of Bubonic Plague

The American Vulture That Lives on Carrion, Is Immune Against All Disease Germs and Is Believed to Have Been Instrumental in Spreading the Bubonic Plague.

By Dr. W. H. Ballou.

THE Public Health Service at Washington has sent out the alarming news that bubonic plague, the deadliest epidemic disease of the East, has made its appearance at New Orleans, Galveston and Pensacola.

The officials make these outbreaks an occasion for calling upon the whole country to war upon the rat, which is known to be the greatest disseminator of plague, and upon all other vermin, in order to prevent the spreading of this and other diseases throughout the country.

The American public are asked to exterminate all kinds of vermin and noxious animals—rats, mice, fleas, flies, mosquitoes, bedbugs, lice, snails, etc.—with more energy than ever before, in order that we may not suffer disastrous outbreaks of the dread epidemic diseases.

At the same time a novel agent in the spreading of bubonic plague has been unmasked. This is the ill-smelling, repulsive but generally considered useful turkey buzzard of the South, the American vulture, the most active known devourer of carrion and dead things.

Plague has been raging in Mexico, together with civil war, and the horrible buzzards have been battening on the bodies of the slain. There is reason to fear that the occurrence of plague and other dreaded diseases in the South may be due to this cause, and men with guns have been energetically shooting down the buzzards along the frontier.

There is now a strong demand that all buzzards shall be exterminated in this country. Hitherto these birds have been regarded with apparent reason as useful scavengers and have been legally protected. Some opposition to their destruction may therefore be expected in certain regions.

In Texas, California, New Mexico, Arizona, United States soldiers, rangers and home guards and armed citizens are destroying turkey buzzards by the thousands. Scientists, puzzled by the spread of tropical diseases north of the Rio Grande, found, after exhaustive investigations, that the carriers of the disease germs in many cases were turkey buzzards. These foul birds, it seems, settled in vast flocks on the corpses of Mexicans killed in sanguinary conflicts, as well as on the horses, burros and pack mules killed, ate the remains and then winged northward to unload the germs on peaceful Americans.

Buzzards swarm as far north as New Jersey, and the Biological Survey of that State is considering methods of exterminating them. These fearful creatures fly for thousands of miles, scouring the land for offal, and can easily travel from Mexico to New Jersey.

The process by which the buzzard conveys plague germs from one man or animal to another is not yet entirely clear. It is supposed, however, that rats pick up the creature's infected leavings and that the rat flea comes into action a second time in carrying the disease to man. Other insects may also be concerned.

Turkey buzzards are pure scavengers. They eat only carrion, such as dead domestic animals and dead fish thrown from nets. Any dead animal matter is naturally infested with disease germs. The vulture, having gorged itself with putrid matter, rises to a great height, and then soars over a vast territory, spying out other dying or dead animals on which to descend. Everywhere he spreads the disease germs and, in fact, may prove our most deadly of all carriers, and the solution of the mysterious sudden appearance of contagious and infectious diseases at widely remote points, leading to epidemics. Scientists declare that the vulture must go, and that States which have so long favored the pest and made it a criminal offense to kill one will have to slaughter the birds generally, and thereafter bury or otherwise dispose of the animal remains on which they have lived.

The turkey buzzards rise in the air vertically, often to a height of six miles, from which lofty altitude they not only detect dying or dead animals at long distances, but can see any signals from their fellows indicating the discovery of a carcass. Few birds have greater soaring ability, and it is characteristic for them to remain seemingly in the air on a fixed post for hours. The large, strong claws and horn bills are especially adapted to seizing and tearing flesh. The heads and necks are bare so that they may be thrust deeply into carcasses and pull out the entrails.

One of the most puzzling features of the vulture is its ability to eat putrid matter and enjoy complete immunity from all diseases. There is no other known scavenger that can escape the consequences of eating putrid matter. Examination of this foul bird discloses no possible basis on which to elucidate any fact or found any hypothesis as to its complete immunity from the disease germs it devours on a vast scale. A taxidermist who secured and mounted a half dozen of the birds for a museum, notwithstanding all precautions, contracted a number of deadly diseases by handling them. He remained in a hospital for several years.

All insects and small animals that do not have a positively useful place in the economy of nature, must be regarded as dangerous and possible carriers of disease. It has lately been proved that the common snail and the slug pick up disease germs from human leavings and afterward deposit them on our vegetable food.

The excreta of patients, suffering from disease, is taken on and distributed by flies, fleas, lice, bedbugs and other insect pests. When there is no precaution, excreta are devoured by rats, mice, poultry and particularly snails. The snail, it is known, is one of the most deadly menaces to human and lower animal life. So far every known disease germ has found in the snail an intermediate host. The excreta of a sick person pass into bird or mammal as food. The excreta of the bird or mammal, in turn, pass on to the ground, where they are devoured by snails and many noxious insects. Snails are everywhere by the countless millions. Disease germs breed in the snail or encyst on it. The snail thus becomes the breeding ground for innumerable parasites of disease. The worst form of it, perhaps, is the slug, or shell-less snail. Either with shell or without it, the snail or slug is food for every type of mammal, bird, reptile and batrachian, and hence is a dangerous intermediate host for disease germs.

The lower animals, as well as insects, convey the disease germs to man, either as his food or by contact. Undoubtedly the tick is one of the most dangerous of all insect pests, since it extends its bites impartially to man, mammal, bird and reptile, and enclosed in its bite are many disease germs of a deadly character to be thrust down under the skin into the human blood.

The rat is the most dangerous mammal enemy of man, as it suffers from nearly all human diseases and many others as well. In addition the United States Government has shown that rats in this country alone destroy $200,000,000 of property annually.

Medical science has proved that rats are not only subject to plague, but to cancer, leprosy, sleeping sickness and trichinosis. In the late war it was found that they conveyed a dangerous disease to soldiers in the trenches called rat-bite fever. Remember that whenever a rat runs through your house or touches your food it most probably leaves deadly disease germs.

The transmission of plague from rats to human beings comes about through an intermediary—the flea. Rats are responsible for most cases of plague and carry the disease from one locality to another. There is always more or less plague in countries like India and Arabia, and they furnish a constant source of supply. Rats abound in those regions and die of plague in countless numbers.

The rat flea leaves the rat and bites human beings. If the rat which it deserted was a plague rat, then the flea that lived upon it has been infected through sucking its blood. Consequently, when the infected flea bites a human being the germs of plague is injected and the disease follows from two to ten days afterward.

Plague is characterized by high fever, great prostration, hemorrhages and inflammation of the glands. Pneumonia is a frequent complication. The disease begins suddenly with chilliness, headache, marked disturbance of the stomach and a rapid and feeble pulse. Delirium is common and the respirations are hurried. Glandular abscesses appear early in the groin and under the arms. The death rate varies from 25 to 95 per cent.

In countries like China, where vast numbers of people go about with the feet and legs exposed and sleep naked in cellars, the rat flea spreads infection at an enormous rate when plague happens to be prevalent.

Rats have also been accused of conveying typhoid germs from the sewers to our food. How this might come about is quite obvious and should determine us to keep rats away from our food.

Cancer is exceedingly common in rodents. If our laboratory workers ever establish a definite connection between human and rat cancer we should be enormously helped in our fight against this disease, which now baffles nearly all our efforts.

Certain observers have recorded the fact that in plague abscesses develop in the groin in the majority of cases before they appear elsewhere, because the flea infects the legs of his victims, and they have connected this with the known fact that in infantile paralysis in monkeys, induced artificially, the initial paralysis will appear near the site of inoculation practically always. In other words, flea bites of the legs by insects infected with infantile paralysis would seem to account for the paralysis of the legs in most instances of infantile paralysis in children.

In protecting food we are helping to rid ourselves of rats. Garbage and all other waste support them. Produce in provision stores should be protected by wire. Slaughter-house offal should be burned. Houses should be constructed with rat invasion in view. Basement windows should be screened and doors near alleys provided with springs to keep them closed. Rat holes should be closed with a mixture of cement and broken glass. Markets especially should be protected against the entrance of rats.

Corn cribs, barns and granaries must be protected by the liberal use of cement, iron sheeting and galvanized iron netting. Old-fashioned wire cage traps are the best, but if handled with ungloved hands the rats will avoid them, as they are wary of anything smelling of man. Cellar, stable, sewer and ship rats may be killed by sulphur and steam fumigation. When poisons—such as phosphorus, arsenic, strychnin and barium carbonate—are used special precautions must be taken to protect children, chickens and other domestic animals.

It is known positively to American health authorities that if a single rat gets ashore at any of our ports bearing the germs of the bubonic plague the whole country may be swept by the disease. Why? Because the one infected rat would infect other rats, and these in turn their fellows, until every rat in America became a carrier of the plague. The real carrier of the minute spirochaete, or parasite of the bubonic plague, is the flea, with which the rat of rats is alive. These fleas hop from rat to rat, from rat to cat, cow, horse and to man from one of these. The bubonic plague is no respector of persons, and the wealthy and well-groomed man catches it with the same facility as the poor and impoverished man.

How the rat is destroyed by the diseases it contracts was astonishingly illustrated in Australia during the war. Australia being isolated from the world by the war, and no transport ships being available, its vast grain fields soon filled all of its ware and storage houses with wheat. It became essential to bag ensuing crops so that in time millions of bags of wheat were piled high on its wharves and in its fields and convenient areas.

Rats, naturally, under such stimulus, increased by the thousand and left all other foods alone to devour wheat. The news spread throughout ratdom and rats from all over the continental island came from inland to live on the idle luxury of wheat. Extermination gangs of men seemingly made little impression on the millions of rats, constantly breeding on a vast scale in the midst of luxury. Finally the astonishing happened. The rats developed a plague peculiar to themselves, an internal fungus plague, I judge from the description. With human intelligence the rats began fleeing from their own plague. Thousands, millions of them, fled the coast, making inland.

The mortality of rats soon became frightful. They could not escape mortal disaster by flight. They dropped dead in their tracks, even those which reached the supposed haven of the far inland. Australia, in consequence, it is believed, is now the most nearly ratless country on earth.

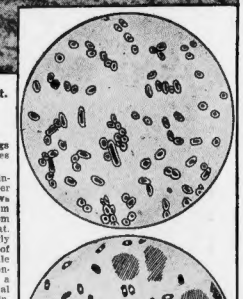
California recently led the State-wide extermination of vermin by use of poison war gases. Other States are now following the example rapidly. A system has been worked out by which poison gases can be forced into holes where the pests abide and breed by tubing, while an operator can safely stand at a distance and not be affected personally. The first trials were made on gophers, which are not only carriers of diseases, but destroy crops to the extent of millions of dollars worth in the West. Having conquered the gopher, attention was next paid to ground moles, which destroy the sod of lawns, etc. Next the poison gas was used on rats hidden under wharves and in vessel holds, cellars, old buildings, etc.

Householders are especially warned against fleas, bedbugs and lice. Mosquitoes should be fought by draining the country and by protective netting. Flies may be readily trapped and slaughtered. Bedbugs must be got at by coating bedsteads with any good exterminator. Fleas proverbially hide in the cracks of floors, between boards, and are not only hard to exterminate, but are carriers of the most fatal diseases. From their hiding places they attach themselves to the bare feet of people who get in and out of bed and wander about the rooms in night clothes. Lice have innumerable ways of reaching the human skin.

The warnings from official sources are the most alarming Americans have received for a quarter of a century. By reason of famine and war distress we are in danger of world-wide outbreaks of the great plagues. Of these the bubonic plague is the most fatal. It first appeared in Constantinople about a year ago, next in Argentina, then in Vera Cruz, Mexico. It is travelling fast in the direction of the United States and Europe. The answer is—kill all vermin and kill all vultures.

Burying Bubonic Plague Victims in a Common Pit. Photograph Taken During the Last Great Outbreak of the Bubonic Plague in China.

"Bring Out Your Dead!" How They Collected and Buried the Bodies During the Great Plague of London. From an Old Print.



Two Different Forms of the Bubonic Plague Germ—the Encapsulated Form and the Rod-Shaped Form.

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Why Frivolous Gaby Left Her $1,000,000 Gems to the Poor

The Strange Fear That Made Her Recklessly Extravagant, Penurious, Caused Her Untimely Death and Forced Her to Give Her Most Precious Possessions to the Destitute

A Clever Little Caricature of Gaby.

A Favorite Photograph of Gaby Deslys, Wearing One of Her Many Precious Jewels, the Pearl Necklace Given Her by Ex-King Manuel of Portugal.

Gaby Deslys With Harry Pilcer—One of the Daring Poses Which Brought Such Rich Returns to the Fair Dancer.

PARIS, June 30.

THE sale of poor Gaby Deslys's jewels for the benefit of the poor of Marseilles is one of the strangest, most puzzling freaks of human behavior of our day.

That a woman who was universally noted for her frivolity, her extravagance, her worldliness in short, should perform the utterly unworldly act of selling all her jewels for the unknown poor seems inexplicable. These jewels were the greatest pride, the greatest joy of her life of insensate extravagance, and yet she willed away the magnificent collection to help a lot of wretched, squalid, hopeless paupers. The act is entirely contrary to what one would expect in a person of her spectacular career.

The explanation of Gaby's strange will has been furnished to your correspondent by one of her intimate friends. Her action can only be understood when one knows the peculiar state of mind, almost a pathological condition, which had dominated her for years.

"Gaby had an almost insane fear of poverty," said your correspondent's informant. "Poverty was to her like a personal devil, always watching her and waiting to grasp her in his cruel clutches. Her most extravagant acts were committed as a form of defiance to this demon —poverty. The final act of her life, willing her jewels to the poor, was intended to be her supreme blow at the demon."

This revelation of the famous dancer's state of mind also clears up some of the mystery surrounding the last domance of her life, her affair with the young Duke de Crussol, member of France's most ancient noble family. The Duke, who accompanied the dancer to New York about a year ago, was so profoundly devoted to her that his family came to the conclusion he was planning to marry her and was dreadfully worried at the prospect.

The truth was that the pretty dancer had confided to the young Duke her dream of leaving all her wealth to the poor, and that with the enthusiasm of youth he was completely carried away by her idealism. That is why he treated her with a reverence not usually paid by young dukes to frivolous dancers. That also explains his profound emotion at her death, why he broke into tears, wrung his hands in anguish, and could scarcely control himself.

"She had such a beautiful soul," said the Duke, evidently under the influence of knowledge that was not within the reach of ordinary persons. "She was good, she was noble, she lived for others. Nobody can understand yet how good she was."

The Duke, it should be recalled, distinguished himself as an aviator during the war, and threw away his chance of the Legion of Honor in order to visit Gaby Deslys when she was ill.

The value of the jewels left by Gaby to the poor is enormous, and is not fully indicated by the sale at auction already held. The market is a bad one at present, and the prices obtained were disappointing in view of the remarkable beauty and rarity of the pieces, and besides that there are many that have not yet been sold. Few stage favorites have ever accumulated so great an aggregation of wealth.

Her entire collection was conservatively estimated at 5,300,000 francs, which at a normal rate of exchange would be about $1,060,000.

It would require a volume to catalogue all her jewels. Among those sold for the benefit of the poor of Marseilles may be signalled:

The necklace of forty-nine graduated pearls given to Gaby by ex-King Manuel of Portugal, $105,000.

Gaby's famous necklace of fifty-seven pearls, with three great pearls pendant, the central pearl black, $100,000.

A string of sixty-nine pearls, $47,600.

A string of one hundred and fifty pearls, $58,000.

Two platinum and diamond necklaces, $51,000.

A splendid diamond pendant, $11,300.

An emerald pendant, set in diamonds, $19,440.

The gems were of many kinds, but pearls predominated. All the stones were of an extraordinary degree of beauty and purity—there was nothing second rate in the collection. A superb gold and platinum handbag, an antique Chinese ivory bracelet and a beautiful sapphire and diamond armlet were among the curiosities of the display.

To her dancing partner, Harry Pilcer, she left $50,000, an income of $3,600 a year and many other gifts, while she made other benefactions to the poor besides the one mentioned.

Gaby's fear and hatred of poverty was a sentiment which had arisen in early youth in an extraordinary ambitious, vital and luxury loving temperament, and grew there until it had become a devouring passion, almost a mania. At one time, when she was at the height of her success, her concentration upon this idea became so great that her reason was endangered and she was forced to consult an eminent neurologist—Dr. Henri Mesurier, of the Salpetriere Hospital.

He gave her a long course of treatment with the object of reducing the frantic torrent of her ideas of a normal channel. Fully recognizing that it would be useless and foolish to uproot the deepest sentiment of her nature, the doctor contented himself with directing it toward a goal that would not bring ruin or madness upon her. Thus it came to be agreed between them that she should find a life-long satisfaction of her passion by accumulating treasures and leaving her accumulated wealth after death to strike the hardest possible blow against poverty. In this way she was protected to some extent from the danger of ruining herself by her extravagances in her lifetime.

The existence of Gaby Deslys was one long triumph over the demon Poverty, a fantastic deriding of his powers and terrors, a battle which she always won, but a battle so furious that her reason was often endangered.

Gaby was brought up by parents who suffered the lowest depth of poverty in the famous old city of Marseilles, on the Mediterranean. In no city of the civilized world perhaps is poverty so prevalent and so appalling as in Marseilles. Its slums have been accumulating misery since the days of the ancient Phoenicians, who founded the city and for more than two thousand years they have put their blight upon unnumbered victims.

At thirteen years of age Gaby understood to the full what poverty meant in its worst and most degrading sense. She determined to conquer it and never fall under its power again. This determination became the dominant passion of her life and the cause of her early death.

The rapidity of her success as a public artist was amazing. She chose to be a dancer and quickly became a star performer without any training but that which she gave herself while dancing to an organ in a Marseilles slum or doing a turn in a third class cafe.

Her beauty, her vitality, her daring poses, her astonishing way of wearing astonishing clothes captivated the public, but her skill as a dancer was even by her own admission not equal to that of many other performers.

Always she wanted money, but it was not merely for the sake of money but for the purpose of celebrating her triumph over her childhood enemy—poverty. Her skill in business transactions was amazing, and she was able by her audacity and cleverness to obtain $100,000 for a tour where a woman of greater artistic accomplishments would not, perhaps, have received $5,000.

In the course of a few years Gaby was able to accumulate a great fortune in money and other possessions—the most valuable collection of jewels, bibelots and art treasures owned by any actress in Paris, a palace in London and an estate in America which has not yet been appraised.

Nobody, perhaps, will ever know the true story of her relations with ex-King Manuel of Portugal. People will always believe that Manuel's infatuation for her, the gifts which he showered upon her, brought about the revolution that cost him his throne. According to this view the gorgeous pearl necklace which Manuel gave the fair dancer, was the last act of recklessness that goaded his infuriated people to expel him.

Whatever the historical facts may be concerning Gaby's relations with the King, it is certain that following the revolution of this romance, she enjoyed an unusual increase of wealth and valuable jewels. And on this as on all other occasions she displayed the faculty of turning whatever happened to her into money. But she did not seek money for the miserly purpose of hoarding, but simply to jest at the monster poverty.

Gaby frankly set out to make all the money she possibly could, and she did not conceal this purpose from anyone—not even from romantic young kings and noblemen who paid their court to her. She made no pretence of following art for art's sake—she followed art for money's sake.

There was hardly anything she would not do for money. For several seasons she demanded $500 from everyone who enjoyed the privilege of taking supper with her. She had noticed that many nouveaux riches and would-be sports were eager to be seen supping or dining with her or with any of the popular actresses of the moment.

She knew that such men had no real regard for her. They sought her society mainly for the glory or notoriety which it reflected on them. Why should they not pay for that which they so selfishly sought? Why should they enjoy it merely by paying for a meal? Therefore Gaby took all the money she could obtain from such persons in the most baldly commercial spirit. But with all who were poor, all who had been her true friends in any way she was generous to an extreme degree.

She frankly recognized that her beautiful body was her capital. It was through that alone that she was able to earn her great fortune. Anything that injured her body diminished her capital and her wealth and the mere idea of such a diminution, such a submission to the monster poverty, filled her with horror and she was ready to die rather than yield an inch to the arch enemy.

It was indeed this sentiment that eventually brought about Gaby's untimely death. She had suffered from an attack of influenza and pleurisy. As an after-effect they left several abscesses in the respiratory tract which prostrated her after she had struggled valiantly to carry on her work for several weeks.

The surgeons informed her that the abscesses could be emptied safely and quickly through one or more incisions in her neck and that she would make a rapid recovery from her illness. But the incisions would have made a permanent scar on her neck, would have injured that beauty on which her income depended, would, in short, leave seriously diminished her capital and wealth. She absolutely refused to permit them to operate.

The surgeons brought their tools and endeavored to overcome her opposition. Even in her weakened condition her will proved absolutely insurmountable. The method of treating the abscesses through the mouth proved ineffective to relieve the system of the poison and she died from the septic poisoning at the height of her fame and beauty.

"I will die laughing at poverty," she gasped in her last moments as she lay in her luxurious apartment surrounded by every comfort that wealth could procure to lessen her sufferings.

This singular, passionate fear of poverty gives the answer to the great enigma of her life—her mingled sordidness, generosity, cold-bloodedness, charity, avarice and recklessness.

A few months ago, as she sat robed in glorious pearls and costly fabrics, surrounded by the art treasures of the ages, she exclaimed to a group of intimate friends:

"Ah! j'ai tellement peur de la misere!"

"Ah! I have such fear of poverty!"

She then described her conception of the monster, her early struggles with him, her triumph over him with a dramatic force that far exceeded anything she had ever displayed on the stage and that held her hearers thrilled.

On her beautiful body she then wore jewels that were worth not less than $300,000. In an adjoining room was the exquisite bed that had belonged to the celebrated Duchess de Fontanges—one of several beds of equal historical value which Gaby used in rotation.

In cabinets about her were were Limoges enamels that had been the joy of the great King Francis I. On the walls were paintings by Botticelli and other early Italian masters. On the book shelves were priceless volumes printed by Elzevir and Aldus Manutius.

"And I, the little poverty-stricken brat of Marseilles, enjoy all this and more," shrieked Gaby. "I laugh at poverty! I fear him no more! I defy him!"

Her house on Kensington Gore, London, near the old palace where Queen Victoria was born, was described by Englishmen as so stately, so luxurious that it was fit only for royalty. Her lingerie and her silk stockings which were the most costly that the manufacturers of the world could produce, were discarded after she had worn them two or three times at the most.

Her motor cars were the most luxurious and costly obtainable, and she abandoned them after using them for a few months. One of her recent purchases was an eighty-horsepower touring car, containing an exquisite boudoir where she could dress and make up in comfort. This she sold after three months use, because she did not like the exact tone of the upholstery.

All these extravagances, these insensate luxuries, were a gratification of her peculiar mental bias and a way of hurling defiance at old poverty.

She wanted to feel that she could command every luxury that misery denied to its slaves. She wanted to feel that she had such command of these luxuries that she could throw them away if she pleased —could flaunt them or flout them as she saw fit.

But such was her passion for luxuries that she instinctively sought those that were rarest and so, unconsciously perhaps, she accumulated things that had great intrinsic value. Very often they increased in value and so she grew richer and richer. When she bought absolutely flawless pearls, the largest and finest in the market, she picked the only kind that would sell again for as much or more than their purchase price.

All the time that she was hilariously and triumphantly defying poverty she was hugging to herself and a very few intimates the secret of the supreme blow she meant to aim at the monster. She thought with deep joy of her great plan of leaving her choicest treasures to fight poverty in that squalid old city where he held his most hopeless victims. This was the course in which she had been encouraged by the great neurologist in order to maintain her mental balance and keep her from ruining herself by her extravagances.

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Sgt. Walters of Pershing's Staff and His "Friday the 13th" Romance

The Fateful Journey, the Train Wreck in Which He Saved His Sweetheart's Life, the Countless Obstacles War Threw in the Lovers' Way—and Yet the Five-Year Fight Between "Mr. Jinx" and "King Cupid" Ended at Last in Love's Triumph

"Out of the wreck he lifted the very girl he had sought vainly to meet—the girl who was destined to be his sweetheart and his bride!"

SERGEANT FREDERICK WALTERS, U. S. A., of General Pershing's staff during the war in Europe, youthful veteran of the Philippines, Hawaii and Mexico as well, has succeeded at last in marrying Miss Florence Kelley, very pretty, quite accomplished, and one of those girls who did their bit for Uncle Sam as Yeomanettes.

Behind this apparently unexciting statement surges a perfect sea of romance, hopes and heartaches. Day after day for nearly five years, the hoodoo of Friday-the-thirteenth—the day the sergeant's brown eyes and Miss Kelley's blue ones first met—has dogged this pair of lovers, relentlessly pursuing them wherever they went and doing its level worst to keep them from each other's arms.

Certainly there never was a more hateful, more persistent jinx than this. It stopped at nothing in its efforts to ruin this romance, throwing all sorts of obstacles in the way of the lovers meeting and even threatening them with death by wrecking a railroad train in which they were riding. Six times the wedding day was set, but on each occasion it stopped Mr. Jinx to prevent.

But Cupid had evidently marked these lovers for his very own, and he was not to be cheated of his prize, even by a hoodoo as relentless as this one proved to be. It was a desperate struggle, but in the end the little god of love came out victor.

It was a few minutes before midnight of Friday, August 13, 1915, and the Southern Limited was just about to pull out of the Jersey City station. Down the platform came striding Sergeant Walters, a sturdy, good-looking young man, on his way to rejoin the Sixth Field Artillery at Douglas, Arizona.

As he passed a bevy of laughing girls and their escorts he heard the words: "Friday, the thirteenth." For the first time it occurred to him that he was beginning his journey on what is considered the unluckiest of days. But five years in the army is not the sort of training to make a man superstitious, and the sergeant saw no cause for worry.

What he did see that set his heart to fluttering as it had never fluttered before was a striking figure which stood out from the little group of people he was passing and held his gaze fascinated. It was the figure of a girl—a slender, graceful, vivacious girl, black haired, blue eyed.

"Lordy!" said Sergeant Walters, with a sigh singularly out of harmony with his stern military appearance. "Lordy, why couldn't I have seen that girl three months ago, when my furlough was just beginning? Friday-the-thirteenth a hoodoo? I'll say it is!"

When he reached the steps of his car he turned his head and searched the length of the platform with longing eyes. But the vision of loveliness who had won his heart in one glance was no longer to be seen. He did not know whether she had boarded the train or left the station. Probably the latter, he thought gloomily.

The memory of what he had seen for just an instant, however, was something that would live forever. All night long those delightful blue eyes laughed through his dreams, and when he awoke it was with a feeling of intense regret that they were not reality.

Filled with gloom by the growing conviction that Friday, the thirteenth, was a hoodoo after all, the sergeant left his berth and started down the swaying Pullman aisle toward the washroom. He had taken only a few steps when he saw something that suddenly brought him to "in place, halt!" In a section just forward of his own there sat the owner of the black hair and the smiling blue eyes whose image had shared his dreams.

Like magic the sergeant's gloom vanished. "All bunk, this Friday, the thirteenth, stuff," he muttered as he made his toilet with unusual care and adjusted his uniform to a degree of perfection that would have amazed his superior officers. Then he hastened back to make sure that it was all true. Yes, the girl was still there. But although a lucky chance had thrown her in the same car with him, although she sat almost within reach of his hand, how was he ever going to meet her?

One look at her was enough to show that she was not the sort of girl who would respond to flirtatious advances. He was glad of that and yet sorry, but even if she had been of the flirty sort he would not have felt like making any such advances to her. He was, you see, already too deeply in love to risk anything that might lower him in the estimation of this fascinating feminine divinity. The girl's companion added to the perplexities of the sergeant's problem. She was an elderly woman, stern, forbidding and looking the last person in the world to encourage chance acquaintances.

By bold eavesdropping he learned that they were bound for San Francisco and that they intended to stop over for a day in New Orleans. The sergeant suddenly decided to stop over there, too.

When they left New Orleans that night they were, in spite of the hoodoo, again in the same car, but the opportunities for their meeting seemed no better than before.

It was not until the train was well on its way through Texas that Sergeant Walters spoke a word to the girl whom he had loved from that first glimpse on the station platform. And that word was spoken under circumstances most surprising.

Just before daybreak the rails spread and the speeding train plunged off the track. The cars rolled down an embankment, hurling the sleeping passengers from their berths and burying some of them in a mass of wreckage.

Sergeant Walters was hurled through a window and found himself, unhurt but slightly dazed, lying on the ground beside the overturned sleeper. His first thought was of the girl with the blue eyes.

Through the jagged glass of a broken window he climbed into the battered upset Pullman. He crawled along through the tangle of wreckage, making his way slowly and painfully in the darkness. Presently he heard her beneath him faint cries. He knew that voice—it was the voice of the girl he had been silently worshipping all these days.

For what seemed centuries he struggled desperately to lift the heavy seat which held her prisoner. It resisted all his efforts until he tore loose one of the heavy rods from which the berth curtains are suspended. Using this as a lever he managed to pry up the seat enough to get his stalwart shoulders under it.

At last he had her out and in the arms of the elderly woman who had escaped from the wreck unaided and was frantic with fear that the girl had been killed or badly hurt. This woman, as Sergeant Walters found out a minute later, was Mrs. Kelley, the girl's mother.

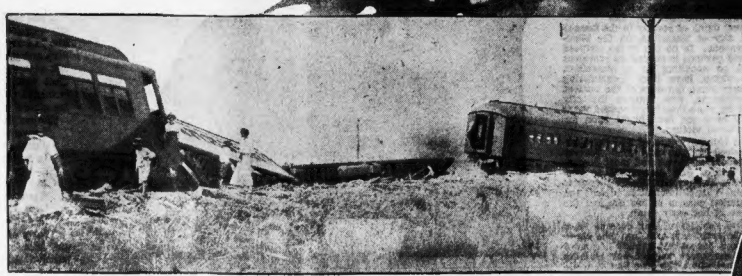
He brought blankets to cover the two women, shivering in their night clothes, and then returned to the wreck to see if there was anyone else to be rescued. But all the other passengers had safely made their escape. If Mr. Jinx really planned this wreck to further his wicked plans he had defeated his own purpose.

"Friday the thirteenth," smiled the sergeant to himself. "It's the luckiest day in the calendar!"

When the journey was resumed on another train even Mr. Jinx was powerless to prevent this strangely made acquaintance ripening into mutual love. Walters left the train at Douglas; Miss Kelley continued on to her home in San Francisco. There the sergeant visited her at every opportunity, and before many weeks he had won her promise to marry him.

Now Sergeant Walters's one desire was to "buy out" of the army in order to marry and settle down. He did not fancy life at an army post for his bride. And then Mr. Jinx began to get busy again. Walters found an order had been promulgated that prevented an enlisted man from "buying out."

Mrs. Frederick Walters, the Heroine of the "Jinx" Journey Whose Life the Gallant Sergeant Saved.



A Photograph of the Train Wreck Where the Very Rocky Path of True Love Began for the Two.

The next Spring he was transferred to General Pershing's staff and served as the General's orderly on the long hike into Mexico.

Back from Mexico, the sergeant again tried to "buy out," and once more the hoodoo prevented. This was in March, 1917. The army, feeling that there was serious business ahead, was holding tight to its men. Within the next few months Sergeant Walters was half glad that Mr. Jinx had kept him with the colors, for in June the regiment was ordered to France. Walters was a real soldier and wouldn't have missed service abroad for anything in this world—except Florence Kelley.

Despite all the secrecy enshrouding troop movements, Miss Kelley heard the rumor that the Sixth was soon to leave for France. With a girl friend she went to Douglas in order to be near her lover as long as she might. He did not wish to marry her, now that war was declared, for he knew he might never come back. But at her insistence arrangements were made for a hasty wedding.

But when the hour for the ceremony arrived, the sergeant was on a troop-train speeding eastward. His bride-to-be did not hear the news until the regiment was already on board the train.

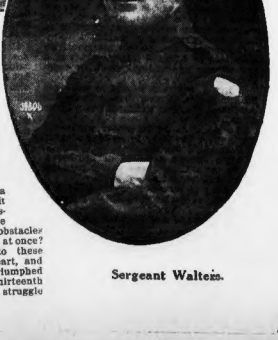
Miss Kelley started East on another train and reached Hoboken a few hours in advance of the troop train. She secured a priest and with him waited at the station. Soon after midnight the troop train arrived. A hurried search for the sergeant, a joyous meeting, and then—Mr. Jinx stepped in and spoiled everything. Miss Kelley had forgotten to secure a marriage license!

After duty with his regiment and as orderly on General Pershing's staff, Sergeant Walters went into Germany with the Army of Occupation. He returned to this country in July, 1919. Now that the war was over he and Miss Kelley, who had enlisted in the navy and seen active service as a first-class yeoman, decided to postpone their wedding until his enlistment expired. This, they expected, would be in the following October.

But they had reckoned without the merciless Mr. Jinx, who seemed always at their shoulders. When the sergeant applied for discharge, he found that as peace had not yet been declared he would have to remain in the army for another year.

In February of this year Miss Kelley's father died, leaving her an estate whose management was a considerable burden. If ever she needed a helpmate it was now. Why wait until October for the sergeant's discharge? Why give the hoodoo the opportunity of throwing further obstacles in their path? Why not be married at once?

The sergeant soon yielded to these earnest pleadings of his sweetheart, and that is how King Cupid finally triumphed over the wicked Friday-the-thirteenth hoodoo after a heart-breaking struggle lasting nearly five years.



Sergeant Walters.

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The Amazing Experience of a Pretty Fifth Avenue Modiste

The Former Mrs. Reid, Who Has Just Secured Her Divorce.

Like a Story from the Arabian Nights Was Mme. de la Plante's Taste of Heavenly Ease in Multi-Millionaire Reid's Luxurious Home When---Bang!

She Was in Most Distressing Trouble

FEW things in modern times equal the extraordinary adventures told in the Arabian Nights, but Mademoiselle Georgette de la Plante, a very pretty and vivacious New York modiste, with a shop just off Fifth Avenue, has had, she says, just such an amazing experience as it would seem could only have happened to one of those enchanted heroines of the Oriental legends.

For a week she was lifted out of the work-a-day world into a gorgeous luxury not excelled by any of the capricious caliphs of the Nights.

Alas—it usually happened in the ancient tales that the wondering favorites of fortune suddenly fell from their luxury and perfumed ease with an awful bump!

And so it was with Mlle. de la Plante!

For a week she reigned as chatelaine in the magnificent home of Daniel G. Reid, the internationally known financier, multi-millionaire and so-called "Tin Plate King"; reigned there in the stead of Mrs. Reid herself, and at Mrs. Reid's own request, Mlle. de la Plante bitterly observes. Then all of a sudden she found she had been all mixed up in divorce proceedings brought by Mrs. Reid against her very rich husband, which divorce proceedings have just been formally ended in favor of the said Mrs. Reid, who has had her decree granted her.

It was a tremendous and unpleasant surprise for Mlle. de la Plante, who had been buying things in Paris while the divorce proceedings of Mrs. Reid were on. Too busy to read the newspapers, it was not until she returned to New York that she learned that the servants whom she had directed during the week's stay as chatelaine had gone upon the stand and told very distressing stories about her and Mr. Reid.

And right there Mlle. de la Plante departed from her role of Arabian Nights heroine. Back in those times when the awakened former favorite of fortune bumped, she usually stayed that way. At least there the story closed and no one knew what happened to the unfortunate maiden afterwards. But not so Mlle. de la Plante. She went immediately to a most capable New York attorney, Edward J. McCrossin, and started proceedings at once to open up the case.

In legal verbiage, she made a deposition covering eleven pages and employing thirty-three hundred words and every word to the point. Mlle. de la Plante is now on the high seas again on her way to France, but she filed this deposition with the Supreme Court before she went and that tribunal has issued an order directing Mrs. Reid, the divorced wife, to show cause why the case should not be opened. The matter will be tried late this Summer.

Mlle. de la Plante insisted upon filing her story before she sailed instead of waiting until she returned, so that if she should be lost at sea her deposition would still speak for her.

In her attorney's office Mlle. de la Plante prefaced her story of her astonishing experiences with this formal statement:

"The first I knew that I had been so shamefully aspersed was when I read in the newspapers of February 26 that Mrs. Reid's servants had testified against me. I was never named as co-respondent in the divorce suit, and so, of course, I had no notice that I had any interest in it. Otherwise, you may be sure I would have been represented in court.

"I am absolutely innocent of any wrong doing, and I want the court to give me a chance to set myself right before the world."

And then going back to the first moment that the enchanted glamour of the Arabian tales was cast about her, Mlle. de la Plante began her story:

"One of my richest and most charming customers had left the shop after making many purchases and had made smiling adieus. In a moment she was back. She said: 'Mlle. Georgette, I have brought you a new customer. I met her down the block, and brought her right in. Be nice to Mrs. Reid, won't you?'

"It was thus it all began. I sold Mrs. Reid two hats. She was charmed with them. While I was talking with her a telegram arrived. It told me that a cousin of mine had died. I sighed and laid it down. I said nothing, but within an hour after Mrs. Reid had gone I received a long box. It was filled with beautiful lillies. In it was her card, and above her name was written: 'With my sincere sympathy.'"

Even so in the fantasies of the Nights did the enchantments usually begin with the gift of a magic flower!

"And after that," went on Mlle. Georgette, "Mrs. Reid came often to my shop. She made many purchases. She was exceedingly kind; even affectionate. She would come in and greet me with a kiss. She said again and again, 'Dear Georgette, you are so charming that it lifts my spirits just to see you.'"

"One day I had been creating models. I was very tired. I was in the little back room still working hard at my designs when a salesgirl came in and said: 'Mrs. Reid is here and she has brought wife her her husband.' And I said to the head saleslady: 'Martha, you wait upon them. I am tired. I am not neat. I do not wish to meet her husband.' And Martha did as I told her, but presently there floated across the partition that separated the showroom from the workroom a voice. It was the voice of Mrs. Reid. I listened intently. It said a prolonged 'Oo-oo-oo!' I was silent. She again lifted her voice and said: 'Mlle. Georgette, dear, please come out. I have brought my husband. He wants to meet you.' I frowned, but answered: 'In a few moments. Please be seated.' I smoothed my hair and tried to compose my features, and went out."

Thus into the presence of the necromancers the maids of the Nights were often summoned.

"Mrs. Reid kissed me as usual and presented her husband. Mr. Reid was most gracious. He bowed low and said: 'You have sold my wife beautiful clothes. Tell me, can you make Mrs. Reid as chic as you are?' I was embarrassed, but I answered simply, 'That will not be hard, Mr. Reid.' They stayed a long time and bought many things. Their purchases that day amounted to a thousand dollars. When they were leaving, Mr. Reid was most gracious. He said: 'Mlle. Georgette, anything I can do to help your business I will be delighted to do. I hope you will accept my wife's invitation to dine with us. Make our home your home!' So he said.

"I told a maid to draw the bath water. I said I wanted a bath. She tossed her head and refused. 'That is not my work,' she said."

The gates of the enchanted castle, it will be seen, were beginning to open.

"Mrs. Reid telephoned me and asked me to lunch or dine with her very often after that. They wanted me to run in any time I liked. Mrs. Reid said, 'I love to have you at the house, dear Georgette. It is so pleasant for Mr. Reid. You bring life into the house.'"

The magic was working. From the back room of her shop, just around the corner from Fifth avenue, she had been lifted to the home of a man whose fortune is computed at $70,000,000. Instead of creating modes until her eyes and fingers ached, she wore the prettiest gowns and sat at a table where she was served from golden plates. Servants waited upon her. Ease and every luxury was here. It was, indeed, like living in a fairy tale. She had no misgivings.

"I thought it was extraordinary," she says. "But I had heard that American financiers were peculiarly democratic. I often said to Mr. and Mrs. Reid when they heaped compliments upon me: "But I am only a working girl. I have nothing save my talent, my taste." They smiled and doubled their kindnesses.

Then came the greatest enchantment of all. The heroine of it was arranging to sail for France. Mrs. Reid had asked her she said, to give up her business and become her companion, Mlle. Georgette wanted to talk it over with relatives in Paris, and then, she says, this happened: "Mrs. Reid hurried into my shop one morning and said: 'At least, while you are making up your mind, take charge of my household and let me go to Atlantic City for a vacation. I have not had a vacation for three years. I have looked forward to it for a long time. I am worn out with superintending the house and with entertaining. Won't you do this for me as a friend?"

Daniel G. Reid, the "Tin Plate King."

She consented. Pending that entrance into the Reid household as its temporary mistress she talked about its details with Mrs. Reid. This conversation ensued, says Mlle. de la Plante.

"Do you think my servants look right?" asked Mrs. Reid.

"I—to be candid, Mrs. Reid, I do not like their wearing low-cut gowns at their work. And the lace about their necks. No, I do not like it. Servants should not go about their work in decollete!"

"What would you recommend?" asked the fairy godmother.

"The uniform should be of black taffets. It should be buttoned up high to meet the chin."

"Then please order such costumes," said the fairy godmother. The new Cinderella obligingly did.

Now again comes a divergence from the traditions of the Nights. If the enchanted princess or anybody else in authority had given the servants orders to put on different clothes, they would have done it instantly, without argument, or speedily have been wearing angel costumes.

Times have, indeed, changed. Amanda Gunnison, Vivi Swanstrom and Tillie Olson were the maids. And Amanda, Vivi and Tillie revolted. From the modiste's where they had gone to have their new dresses fitted they telephoned Mlle. Georgette:

"What do you mean by ordering dresses for us? We won't wear 'em!"

And while she was protesting that the uniforms she had ordered were the correct thing they rang off. But not, she says, before she had heard an indignant maid say: "That Frenchwoman! We'll show her!"

At luncheon next day at the Reid home Mrs. Reid sighed plaintively: "The maids say they won't wear the costumes you ordered." To which Cinderella quite logically replied: "If you cannot make them wear the dresses, I cannot."

Something, thought she, was wrong in the enchanted palace.

The incident of the bath approaches.

"I called for Mrs. Reid the morning she went to Atlantic City," recites Mlle. Georgette. "I drove up in a cab. Her mother was with her. I went with them to the station. When we separated we kissed each other on the cheeks. Everything was well."

The incident of the bath is nearer. But now, before giving the little modiste's story of it, it is necessary to recite the version of it given by the decollete-loving maids. Thus spake Miss Tillie Olsen on the stand during Mrs. Reid's divorce suit:

"About Christmas time, in 1918, Mrs. Reid got up quite early one morning to go to Atlantic city for a week or ten days. After breakfast, Mlle. Georgette, who had a shop in East Fifty-sixth street, arrived with many boxes. They contained gowns and hats for the Atlantic City trip. She and Mr. Reid examined them, and then Mlle. Georgette went to the railroad station with Mrs. Reid. About 10 o'clock that morning the doorbell rang. I went to the door and admitted Mlle. Georgette, who entered Mrs. Reid's suite and said: 'Draw me a bath. I am going to take a bath.'"

Miss Olsen said that she refused, saying it was Mrs. Reid's bathtub and for no other woman to use. She continued:

"Mlle. Georgette was very cool about my refusal. All she said was, 'Send Amanda Gunnison here.' Amanda was Mrs. Reid's personal maid. When Amanda came she drew the bath and pretty soon I heard Mlle. Georgette say:

"'Amanda, bring some of Mrs. Reid's underwear.'

"Amanda went to one of Mrs. Reid's closets and then walked on Mlle. Georgette. When Mlle. Georgette left the bathroom, she went to the room opening into Mr. Reid's suite. She wore a tea-gown wrapper, with slippers, but no stockings. Mr. Reid came into the room in his dressing gown and slippers."

"False! cruelly false!" is Mlle. Georgette's comment on this, reciting the incident thus:

"I went back to the Reid home. I told a maid, Tillie Olson, to draw the bath water. I said I wanted a bath. She tossed her head and refused. 'That is not my work,' she said. I told her to send me Amanda Gunnison, who is Mrs. Reid's personal maid. Amanda did as I told her.

"But there was always an attitude of coldness toward me on the part of those maids. They obeyed my orders because they had to. I would not have permitted any impertinence or disobedience. But they did not hide their antipathy. I believe that they hated to wait upon me because they considered me a working woman like themselves. They did not understand the artist in me."

Always during that week, says Mlle. Georgette, she sat, when at table, with Mrs. Henry J. Topping, Mrs. Reid's sister, or with Mrs. Carrier, Mrs. Reid's mother. Each day, after breakfast and after luncheon, she would go to her shop.

And when Mrs. Reid came back she was lavish in her thanks to her, she says.

Amanda, Tillie and Vivi agreed that when Mrs. Reid returned from Atlantic City she became incensed at something she had heard and ordered the modiste from the house.

Mlle. Georgette, wrath blazing from her eyes, denies this:

"I telephoned Mrs. Reid at the Traymore Hotel asking her to come home. She did the next day. That was all. I went to Paris. My friends advised me to stick to my business, as you say in America. I returned and resumed my business. That same season Mrs. Reid sent for me from the Hotel Vanderbilt. I took some lingerie to her and she bought it. She was very charming to me."

"I want no money. I ask no damages," says Mlle. de la Plante. "I only want my name cleared!"

The Supreme Court will, without doubt, give her the chance to do it.

Charming Mademoiselle Georgette de la Plante, the Fashionable Modiste Who Had Such a Strange Adventure.

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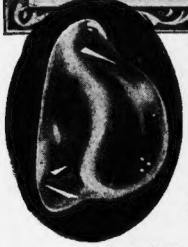
The Hope Diamond Mystery — by

The Startling History of This Fascinating Stone, the "Curse" That Has Its Owners for Fourteen Centuries and the Story the Ruined Life of May Yohe, Who Once Owned It and Wore It.

The favorite wife of the Great Mogul at Delhi, who knew of the great blue jewel and discussed it with Tavernier, who was a guest of the old potentate, King Akbar.



The original shape of the Hope Diamond before it was recut by European lapidaries.

TO find herself mistress of the palace of an English Duke, with jewels outrivaling the jewels of many a crowned head, with London town house, country estates, castles, shooting preserves—would probably fulfill the happiest dreams of millions of American women.

And yet May Yohe, the daughter of a Pennsylvania country dressmaker, had all this in her grasp—AND THREW IT AWAY.

May Yohe, the beloved and petted wife of Lord Francis Hope, was also to share with her husband the added title and still greater estates of the Duke of Newcastle—was it the malevolent power of the unlucky Hope Diamond that then intervened and blighted her life?

The story of May Yohe's career will be told from week to week in these pages by May Yohe herself. Few plots in drama or fiction equal the extraordinary real life experiences of this remarkable American girl.

And the "curse" of the famous Hope Diamond?

Something, indeed, seemed to suddenly cast its sinister shadow over her life and pursued her relentlessly in America, in Asia, throughout Europe, and even in South America. May Yohe discusses this famous gem which once was hers, and reveals much of its past history which has not before been made public—history which begins with its theft from the sparkling ornaments of the Buddhist idol fourteen hundred years ago, and drags its sinister trail down through the centuries to the shocking death of little Vinson Walsh McLean, whose parents now own the "cursed" stone.

It is not surprising that the jewel had a sort of irresistible fascination for May Yohe, and she spent much time and effort in tracing its baleful history. After its theft from the Buddhist idol fourteen centuries ago, she was able to piece together a fairly complete record of its career in recent times. This she narrates in all its extraordinary details—a story unparalleled in history or in fiction.

Jean Baptiste Tavernier came into possession of the stone in 1642, stolen from the sacred golden statue of Rama, in the Temple of Rama and Sita, Burmah, India. It weighed 112¾ carats, and Tavernier sold the diamond to King Louis XIV. for 2,500,000 francs and a baronetcy—he was created Baron d'Aubonne. Tavernier was torn to pieces by wild dogs.

Madame de Montespan, who wore the jewel, was abandoned by the King. It had been recut by Amsterdam jewelers by order of King Louis XIV. and reduced to 67¼ carats.

Nicholas Fouquet, intendant of France, who borrowed it for a festive occasion, died miserably in prison, where he had been sent by order of King Louis XIV.

Queen Marie Antoinette, who wore it, was beheaded.

The beautiful Princess de Lamballe, who wore it, was torn to pieces by a French mob.

King Louis XVI., who owned it, was beheaded. The famous diamond was seized by revolutionists in August, 1792, and kept in the Garde Meuble. Stolen a month later and lost, a commission was appointed to find it.

It turned up in a diamond dealer's shop in Holland and in the possession of Wilhelm Fals, who recut it and reduced it to 44¼ carats. It was stolen by his son, and Fals was ruined. Of the missing pieces the Duke of Brunswick bought one weighing 7 carats and E. W. Streeter, the British diamond expert, bought the other.

Hendrik Fals, the diamond merchant's son, who stole it, was a suicide in London in 1830.

Francis Beaulieu, who sold it, died in misery and want.

The first of the Hope family who bought it suffered a long series of misfortunes, including the death of his favorite son.

Lord Francis Hope, the grandson, suffered financial reverses, scandal and unhappy marriage, bankruptcy, and was forced to sell the diamond to Simon Frankel for $168,000.

May Yohe, his wife, who wore it, tells the story of her unhappiness.

Simon Frankel, New York broker, who bought it for $168,000 in November, 1901, met financial difficulties.

Jacques Colot, another owner, was afflicted with madness and committed suicide.

Prince Ivan Kanitovski, next owner, was killed by revolutionists.

Lorens Ladue, to whom he loaned it, was murdered by her lover.

Simon Montharides, who sold it to the Sultan Abdul Hamid, was thrown over a precipice while riding with his wife and child; all were killed.

Abu Sabir, a lapidary, who polished it, was tortured and imprisoned.

Kulub Bey, who guarded it, was hanged in the street by a Turkish mob.

The keeper of its vault was strangled.

Zubayba, the Sultan's favorite, was killed by her master. The jewel was taken from her neck and put among the treasures of Yildis Kiosk, which was later looted and the diamond stolen. A Turkish commission was appointed in October, 1909, to find it.

Abdul Hamid paid $400,000 for the stone. He was dethroned.

Jehver Agha, an official of the Yildiz, attempted to steal the stone and was hanged.

Selim Habib, Persian diamond merchant, who had handled the gem, was drowned in the sinking of the French steamer Seyne off Singapore, November, 1909; the stone, however, was safe in Paris.

January 11, 1911, Mrs. Edward B. McLean, of Washington, D. C., bought it, wore it and was sued for $180,000 by Cartier, the jeweler.

In May, 1919, her only child, little Vinson McLean, the "Hundred-Million-Dollar Baby," the most closely safeguarded child on earth, rushed from his nurse's side and was crushed to death under the wheels of an automobile in Washington.

Nothing else in all history, nothing in fiction or the drama parallels the extraordinary record of this sinister jewel, which is related for the first time by a remarkable woman whose own life was blighted—by its wicked "curse"? This will be told from week to week on this page.

CHAPTER III.

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(Continued from Last Sunday)

AS I said on this page last Sunday, my ambition as a child was to be a great lady on the stage, and all my thoughts and energies were bent in that direction.

Up to the day Lord Francis Hope made me his bride I had met with every success in my stage career. And then, when I found myself a member of the British titled aristocracy, with all the future seemed to promise—wealth, title, social position, castles, estates, jewels—then there came into my life a sinister influence which ruined everything.

Was it the "curse" of the great, the famous, the malevolent Hope Diamond? Can a gem, can any inanimate object, cast a spell, a curse, over a human life?

I would like to ask this question of the long list of personages, great and inconsequential, whose lives and fortunes and misfortunes have been bound up with the history of the famous blue jewel for fourteen hundred years.

Last Sunday I narrated something of the semi-historic or legendary story of the early episodes, centuries ago, which surrounded the first supposed record of the gem on the bosom of the great Thibetan jade idol and the unfortunate Princess Brisbun.

However much of truth or misty legend may be mixed up in this ancient story we at least have authentic, historic, definite, reliable knowledge of the stone in the year 1642, when Jean Baptiste Tavernier came into possession of it. Tavernier was no mythical character. He was a very distinguished man of his time, a recognized authority on precious stones, a man of wide travels in the Orient, and a personage of dignity and importance, who was welcomed on his travels by the great potentates of the East, and who had standing with his own French King, Louis XIV.

Tavernier, in his many travels through the then little known principalities of the maharajas of India, came into possession of many jewels of a kind to fascinate the pretty eyes of the favorites of the rich dukes and nobles in France. He tells us in his quaint, old volume, printed centuries ago, of how he was received at the miniature court of the Duc d'Orleans upon his return from one of his visits to India with a bag full of "the most precious of stones the fair eyes of the lady of the noble duc had ever looked upon."

In this little bag there were rubies and jades and emeralds, as well as beautiful pearls. The Duc d'Orleans was very rich, and gave him a great sum of money for some of these jewels, that his "fair lady" might have them to string around her beautiful throat, and, besides, made Tavernier controller of his household—a post of much dignity and emolument.

After serving this royal duke for a year Tavernier again returned to India. Already his fame as a traveller had spread through the East, and upon his arrival at Delhi he was summoned to the court of the Great Mogul—the famous Akbar, whose harem and splendor were noted throughout the Western world. Here Tavernier was initiated into many secrets of the East and many of its customs. The Great Mogul entertained him royally. He played games that were something like chess, only with beautiful slave girls as the pawns instead of the wooden figures we know. He gave great hunts in which slaves considered it an honor if the ycould sacrifice their lives in beating out the tigers and the elephants for the amusement of their master and his guest from France.

But that which interested Tavernier most was an invitation from the Great Mogul to visit with him the far-famed diamond mines in the midst of the Himalayas—mines that were worked by the slaves of the Mogul and the product of which was dedicated to his purse alone. It was from these mines that some of the largest and most beautiful gems in the world had come. They had been the basis of trade between the royal princes of India and the merchants of the Western countries since India was known—but no traveller ever had been allowed to inspect them.

With a great elephant train the Mogul and his party, with Tavernier as the honored guest, set out for these mines. They spent many days in the neighborhood, and Tavernier saw, for the first time, how the strangely shaped crystals came from the earth to be cut and fashioned into the sparkling gems he knew.

Some of these crystals were of wondrous size. Tavernier was delighted when the Great Mogul placed in his hand a rough, uncut crystal, larger than any he had yet seen, and told him he might have that as a remembrance "for his favorite wife" back in France. Surely, thought the Mogul, these travellers could have no use for these beautiful gems they coveted than to take them home to a "favorite wife."

Tavernier tells us that it was now, when he was so gratefully thanking the Mogul and dwelling upon his admiration for such a large and splendid stone, that the monarch told him of a jewel even larger than that—"larger than any we princes of India have yet added to our treasury." There was no more fascinating subject for Tavernier. He listened with interest while the Mogul told him:

"In the great temple at Pagan, a city older than history, on the road from Mandalay, twenty-five days' journey to the east, there is a jade figure of Rama-Sita, the beautiful twin gods. On the breast and neck of this hang many marvelous jewels, placed there by reverent hands—and among them is one of a size and beauty unrivaled by any other I have ever heard of. Reverent men travel many miles to pay their devotions at this shrine of the great Rama-Sita, that they may also look upon this marvelous gem and reflect upon its history, which, also, is the history of the great sacrifice of the brave and beautiful princess of the slant-eyed peoples of the north."

Then from the lips of the Great Mogul himself Tavernier learned the tragic story of the Princess Brisbun and how she had placed the gem her husband had given her as a nuptial gift on her favorite idol before she had been slain by the frenzied mob in the Temple of La Brang—as I related on this page last Sunday.

During the rest of his visit to the Great Mogul this diamond of the ill-fated princess, which had rested untouched upon the idol Rama-Sita for almost two thousand years, guarded by jealous priests and revered by millions upon millions of worshippers, was constantly in Tavernier's mind and the subject of most of his conversation. He discovered quickly that the Great Mogul himself coveted this gem—for the Persian princess who was at that time the newest and prettiest of his wives. But even the Great Mogul did not dare to brave the wrath of Rama-Sita and its followers, else he would have secured the famous gem long before.

Tavernier, however, was a bold adventurer—his career as a traveller proved him a man without fear. He bade good by to the Great Mogul and set out with the avowed purpose of visiting the temple at the old city of Pagan, and seeing for himself this wondrous diamond. "Be careful," the Mogul admonished him "To touch the ornaments of an idol with irreverent hands is to invoke the most terrible curse that may befall upon mortal being—a curse that will endure through all generations of his descendants." Tavernier, we may imagine, merely shrugged his shoulders and promised that he would not touch the jewel "irreverently"—how could anyone even look upon so valuable a diamond with anything but almost devotional respect?

With his servants, slaves and guides loaned him by the Mogul Tavernier travelled toward Mandalay, a fabled city upon the famous Irawaddy River, in what now is known as Burmah. Few travellers had yet ventured that far.

Here he was received at the court of the Sultan and entertained with the romantic dances and fetes of the Burmese. As a friend of the Great Mogul he was accorded every courtesy. But Tavernier, he tells us, was restless. Here from every pundit, or religious teacher, with whom he talked he heard new stories of the famed Rama-Sita in the temple at Pagan.

Tavernier does not tell us that he deliberately set out from Mandalay to steal the diamond from the idol. Rather, he tells us, he hoped to "barter" for it—from the priests on guard. Perhaps he had had experiences with these temple priests in connection with his many other trips and the bags of rare jewels he brought back to France. But history lives long among the peoples of the East, whose pundits and professional story tellers bring down through countless generations tales of things that happened even thousands of years ago as clearly and with as complete romantic detail as if they were told in the printed record. So from these tales that one may still hear in the market place of Mandalay, where the name "Hope Diamond" means nothing, but where the merest mention of "the gem of Brisbun and Rama-Sita" stirs vengeful gleams in the dark, mysterious eyes of the native priests and pundits, we may gather almost a detailed narrative of what happened when Tavernier started out from Mandalay toward the near-by city of Pagan.

Tavernier was accompanied by a carefully chosen group of retainers, selected from those of the Mogul's men whom he thought he could trust—with the aid of bribery. Distributing alms as he went, he was hailed as a foreign prince all along the road. He announced that he had come far to pay his devotions to the famous Rama-Sita. Arriving at the outskirts of Pagan, he won the respect of the natives by going with his whole company to the river and "bathing twelve times that he might be pure in the presence of the God of the Sun and the Goddess of Love." At the approach to the temple grounds the priests gathered to meet this distinguished traveller. It is related that Tavernier was ushered into the temple with impressive ceremonies, huge crowds gathering on the nearby hilltops to look down upon the occasion. Tavernier is said to have prostrated himself before the big jade idol and to have shaded his eyes as he drew himself up, as if in awe of the mighty Rama-Sita who had received him. We may well imagine, however, that he covered his eyes only that he may have looked between his fingers with less fear of observation upon the thickly encrusted jewels spread over the figure of the idol until his eyes rested upon the thing he sought—the famous diamond.

For five days, until the novelty of his visit began to disappear, Tavernier stayed at Pagan. Each morning, noon and night he visited the temple and made his devotions to Rama-Sita. And at each visit he added one more to the gems which decorated the idol. These gems were of his own store, and one may believe they were not the most valuable, either. But they gratified the priests.

On the fifth day, after a day of unusual ceremonies—a distribution of largesse among beggars by the rich traveller, priests and travellers retired to their sleeping quarters much wearied. That is, the priests were really fatigued and the travellers apparently so. It was a moonless night. There were no watchers on the hillsides to see the small herd of elephants used by the travellers noiselessly assembled by drivers, who moved with echoless feet and muffled commands. The white robes donned by the travellers at their first approach to the city were replaced

ay Yohe (Lady Francis Hope)

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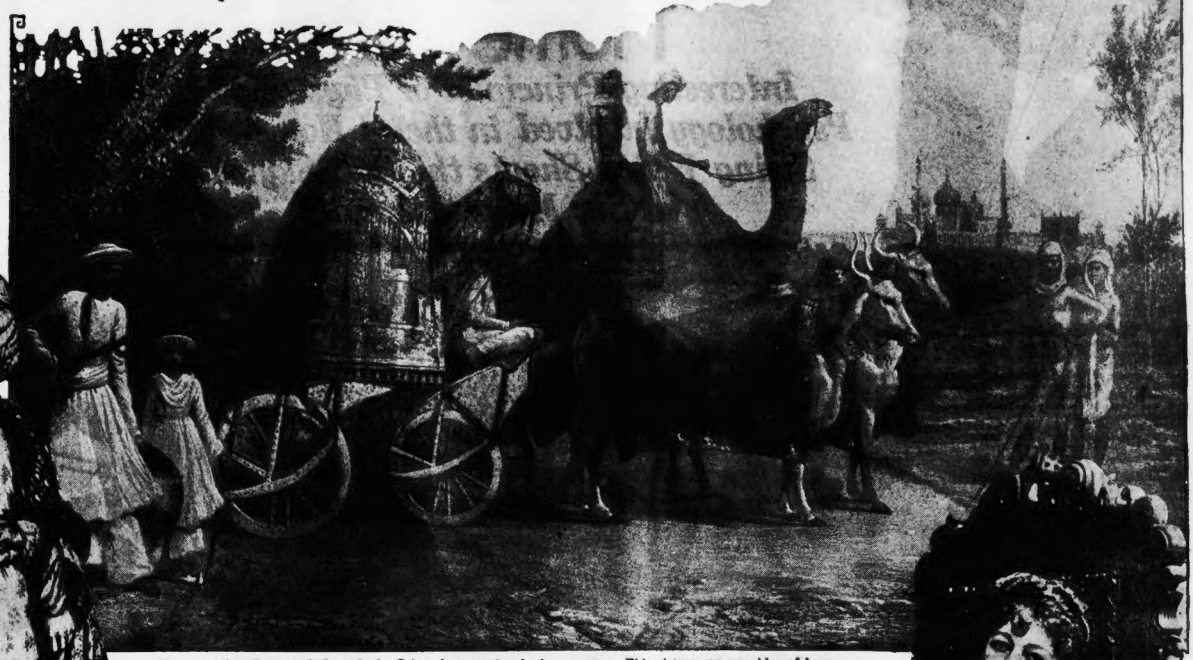
of



How travellers journeyed through the Orient fourteen hundred years ago. This picture gives an idea of how the distinguished lapidary and French traveller, Tavernier, no doubt made his way to Delhi when he secured possession of the great Hope Diamond.

Baptiste
rnier, the
nguished
ller, who
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diamond
ndia and
d it to
Louis XIV. and was created Baron d'Aubonne.
painting shows Tavernier dressed in the robe of
onor presented to him by the Shah of Persia.

y sombre garments, which reflected none of the star
ts.

ddenly there was a quickly hushed cry from some
d priest or attendant still hovering within the tem-
A few beggars who had taken advantage of their
ege of sleeping on the stone floors of the temple
uneasily and then awakened to find themselves
bound and gagged. There was a swift rush of
oward the silent, majestic jade idol. A subdued
of golden chains, and then outside the temple the
hud of the elephants' feet.

the morning, when the priests awakened to observe
arly devotions of the first worshipers, there was
among them. They unbound the beggars, who
ave had fanciful tales to tell of what happened to
From the outside came the shout, "The travellers
gone!" It was some time, we may well believe,
the priests discovered that their idol had been de-
that from among its breastplate of gorgeous jewels
ost magnificent of all was gone! We may imagine,
at it took some time for the priests to realize that
yes were not deceiving them—for such a sacrilege
well have seemed to them impossible.

any rate, we hear of Tavernier again, many miles
with his retinue, safe in the domain of the Raja of
mpur. His elephants had travelled faster than the
of his bold deed, and the agents of the priests
followed in their tracks could not catch up. We
n Tavernier's own accounts of the great friendship
sprung up between him and the Raja of Luckimpur
"gifts of jewels and ornaments of gold" which he
the native prince. So it may well be believed that
rchased protection against the pundits and stealthy
s who followed him from this friendly ruler.

vernier set out at once for France.

the year 1642 the King of many follies, Louis
known as the "Grand Monarque," ruled France.
as a reign of fickle loves and extravagance. The
bbies of the Grand Monarque were beautiful women
eautiful gems. Upon Tavernier's arrival in Paris
eame known to the King that he had brought
from the strange, unknown India an especially fine
ion of precious stones. Louis at once sent for the
ler and commanded him to display his new col-
n.

vernier spread before the King twenty-five gems of
beauty, rubies, emeralds and uncut diamonds.
g the latter was one of great size and wonderful color—a pale, opalescent blue, as delicate in its shimmering tint as the frothiest cloud on a Summer's afternoon. This was the "blue crystal" which had rested in the breast plate of the great idol, Rama-Sita, in the temple at Burmah, as I told last Sunday. It weighed 112½ carats, and was then, as now, one of the largest diamonds in the world.

The French monarch was fascinated by the jewels, especially the blue one, and insisted upon purchasing them immediately. But Tavernier possessed a large fortune, and nothing the King could offer him in money tempted him to part with his collection. Still Louis was determined to have the stones, especially the large diamond, and eventually sent word to Tavernier that if he would part with them he would be given 2,500,000 francs and, besides, a title of nobility and be created Baron d'Aubonne.

The title appealed to Tavernier, who was old and ready to cease his travels and settle down to an enjoyment of the fortune he had gathered in his years of wandering. He sold the gems to Louis, and thus the "blue crystal," which afterward became known as the Hope Diamond, came into the possession of the Grand Monarque.

Tavernier had possessed the diamond but a few months, and when he parted with it he seemed in a way to enjoy his declining years in luxury and with the full joy of his new title. But the "devil in the diamond" did not spare him. Soon after he transferred it to the King, Tavernier discovered that his favorite son had embarked upon a most disastrous series of speculations during his last absence in the East. The son had gotten into debt and had even committed many serious indiscretions, from which his father had to save him. Tavernier was obliged to part with not only the 2,500,000 francs he had received from the King for the blue crystal and the other stones, but with all the rest of his immense fortune.

Broken-hearted, impoverished, but still courageous, Tavernier, at the advanced age of eighty-one, embarked upon another journey to the East, hoping to discover more diamonds and rubies and thus recoup a portion of his lost fortune. But the old man never reached his destination. He arrived safely at Moscow, where he fitted out an expedition with which to penetrate the then comparatively unknown Kurdestan, below the Caucasus. Leading his company, he set forth bravely, but just outside the city gates he was set upon by a pack of ferocious dogs, which came from no one knows where. Poor Tavernier was torn to pieces before help could reach him, and his followers, attacked in turn by the dogs, fled in a panic, leaving the old man's body where it had fallen. Thus Tavernier paid for having taken the blue crystal from its resting place in the Buddhist temple, and from his time to mine the history of the Hope Diamond is a continuous story of ruined lives and wrecked ambitions.

Let me now return to the broken narrative of my own childhood.

During my girlhood student days in Dresden, Germany, I was regarded as a wild, untamed American tomboy. When I "finished" my schooling in Dresden my mother sent me to Mme. Bronier's school in the Rue de Passy, Paris. After two terms there I had completed my education and sailed home to my mother.

Mother wanted me to be a fashionable governess—to teach the piano and French and German. I did not intend that this should be my career, although I apparently submitted to mother's wishes. I was determined to go on the stage, though I didn't know how, and at last destiny intervened in my favor.

Quite unexpectedly I was asked to sing a solo in church, and consented. I was astonished at the effect my singing had upon the congregation. The people all turned and looked at me as I sang, and it set me thinking that if the public would stare like that in a church they would pay to hear me sing on the stage.

I kept that thought to myself and began to look around for a chince to win my living with my voice. I sang at church until a little thing happened. The minister used to preach long, prosy sermons, and I did not like listening to them, so I used to slip quietly out as soon as the sermon commenced. This so angered the good man that he told me unless I could sit out the sermon I could keep out of the choir. I hated to give up the singing, but I hated more to be bullied, so I never went again.

That minister was indirectly the cause of my getting my opportunity to appear before a real theatrical manager and begin the career which made me a great star and linked me forever to the big blue diamond of the Princess Brisbun and all its baneful influences. I am sure the dear man would feel much aggrieved, if he were alive to-day, to read that he was to blame for my graduating from a demure little governess and teacher of languages and music into the famous May Yohe, loved by some and disapproved by others, clear around the world.

Lady Francis Hope—May Yohe.

My stage aspirations I nursed in secret until one day Mrs. John Drew, then one of the most celebrated of actresses, came to our house to order some new gowns from mother. While she waited in the drawing room until mother disposed of another caller I gathered courage to speak to her. I told her I wanted to go on the stage, that I wanted to sing, and that I was sure I would succeed if only I could get a chance.

Mrs. Drew was very kind and much interested. I went to the piano and, playing my own accompaniment, sang one of the popular songs of the day. Mrs. Drew told me such songs as that would never do if I were to obtain serious consideration of my voice. She told me to learn something better, a dramatic poem, which would also display my interpretative ability, and then come to her again.

I was quick at study and very impatient. I soon had a new "piece" by heart, and Mrs. Drew gave me another hearing, this time in her own hotel suite.

When I had finished she said, "Quite nice, child." Then, putting her hand on my shoulder, she remarked: "If you work hard I don't see why you shouldn't win on the stage; but remember, it is work, work, work! If you're afraid of hard labor, keep away from the footlights." I told her I was willing to work, and she gave me letters of introduction to two big New York theatrical managers—Mr. Augustin Daly and Mr A. M. Palmer.

Armed with those letters, mother and I went off to New York from our home in Philadelphia.

My gracious! I'll never as long as I live forget my first trial. I had to recite to Mr. Palmer in his theatre. The place was empty, except that mother and Mr. Palmer were in the gallery. The theatre was cold and dreary, for it was a Winter evening; everything looked dim, miserable and uncanny to me. There was no scenery, no big audience, no music, no lights; the place smelt very badly of stale cigars, and I felt very wretched; my heart was down in my boots and I was sick; but I went through my piece and felt I had failed dismally, and was astonished when Mr. Palmer said, "Not so bad, little girl; not so bad! I'll engage you."

(To be Continued Next Sunday)

Science Explains "Babe" Ruth's Home Runs

Interesting Principles of Physics and Psychology Involved in the 44 Horse-Power Swing Which Shoots the Ball Skyward at Six Miles a Minute

How "Babe" Ruth Grasps His Bat—and What Would Happen if a Gigantic Bat Were Swung Against a Skyscraper With the Thousands of Horse-Power Which All the Home Runs Ruth Has Made Last Year and This Represent.

The Story of One of "Babe" Ruth's Home Runs Told in Terms of Science

A—The Ball as It Leaves the Pitcher's Hand, Rotating on Its Horizontal Axis and Travelling at an Initial Velocity of 150 Feet a Second or Nearly Two Miles a Minute.

B—The Centre of Percussion of "Babe" Ruth's Bat, Swung for One-Twentieth of a Second with a Force Equivalent to Forty-four Horse-Power, Meets the Oncoming Ball, Checks Its Course Toward the Catcher's Waiting Hands and Sends It Speeding at Greatly Increased Velocity in an Entirely Different Direction.

C—The Ball Immediately After Its Impact With the Bat, Moving Skyward at an Angle of Forty-two Degrees and With an Initial Velocity Estimated at Five Hundred Feet a Second or Nearly Six Miles a Minute—Faster Than Any Express Train Travels.

D—Maximum Height Reached by the Ball as a Result of Its Collision With the Bat's Centre of Percussion, Backed Up by Mr. Ruth's Forty-eight Horse-power Energy. The Height Attained Will Be Greater on a Clear Day Than on One When the Air Is Full of Moisture.

E—Slowed Down by the Friction of the Air, the Force of Gravitation Begins to Overcome the Ball's Initial Velocity and It Starts Falling to Earth. Before the Full Effect of the Gravitational Force Is Felt, However, the Ball Has Travelled Far Beyond the Fielders' Reach and "Babe" Ruth Has Scored Another Home Run

By Prof. A. L. Hodges,

The Well-Known Physicist.

LAST season "Babe" Ruth broke all baseball records by hitting twenty-nine home runs. And this season there is every indication that he will beat his 1919 total by a wide margin.

What is the secret of Ruth's ability to make home runs with such surprising frequency? Is it because he is possessed of greater strength than his fellow players? Is it because his vision is keener or his muscles better co-ordinated?

All these things doubtless have something to do with it, but the real reason for this phenomenal series of home runs science finds to be the way Ruth applies to his work with the bat certain well-known principles of physics and psychology.

"But," you say, "Ruth is a ball player. What does he know of physics or psychology?"

Nothing, perhaps, but whether consciously or unconsciously Ruth applies certain well-known principles of these two sciences every time he makes a home run. Let us consider some of the many interesting scientific factors involved in batting a ball.

As every follower of baseball knows, a home run is the knocking of the ball out of the reach of opposing players and in such a direction and to such a distance as to make its return impossible before the runner completes the circuit of the bases. Viewed as a mechanical problem, the hitting of a home run means simply hitting the ball with the bat so as to give it great speed in the proper direction. The speed and direction which the bat can be made to give the ball depend on the degree of the curve which the pitcher has imparted to the ball, the weight of the ball, the weight of the bat, the elasticity of the ball and bat, and the angle at which the ball impinges on the bat.

The speed which a ball takes on immediately after its collision with the bat is a little difficult to compute because neither the bat nor the ball is perfectly elastic or perfectly non-elastic. To illustrate the difficulty of such a computation let me explain what happens when perfectly elastic and perfectly non-elastic bodies come into collision.

If two inelastic bodies—say two pieces of lead—of equal weight and going with equal speed, but in opposite directions meet squarely in mid-air, they will both stop and fall to the ground, all their energy of motion having been turned into heat. If, however, perfectly elastic bodies of the same weight going with the same velocity, but in opposite directions, meet in mid-air, they will bounce back with the same velocity they had originally. If one of these bodies has twice the velocity of the other, the latter will bounce back with twice its original velocity and the former will bounce back only half as fast. All this applies to bodies having the same weight. Whenever one of the colliding bodies is heavier than the other, the velocity given the latter body upon bouncing is enormously increased.

The bat which "Babe" Ruth wields and the ball which he hits are both fairly elastic; therefore, everything else being equal, the ball will be driven farther the heavier the bat and the faster the bat is moving as it hits the ball. Also, as the weight of "Babe" Ruth's body prevents his bat from doing much bouncing back, the faster the ball comes the farther it will go when he hits it.

The weight of the ball itself is a very important factor in hitting a home run, viewed as a scientific problem. If there were no atmosphere, everything else being equal, the lighter the ball happened to be the farther it would go. The friction of the air, however, slows the ball up considerably, and this fact has to be taken into consideration with several others.

The conclusion which science reaches is that the heavier the ball is, without increasing its size or decreasing its elasticity, the farther it will go after being struck with the bat.

The direction taken by a batted ball is affected to some extent by the rotation of the ball as it strikes the bat. This factor is of the greatest importance when the bat does not strike the ball squarely.

It is possible for the bat to hit the ball in such a way that it actually increases the latter's rotation. In other words, it is perfectly possible for the batter to hit the ball in such a way that it takes on a decided curve. Everybody who plays golf knows what a common occurrence this is on the links. A golf ball when struck accidentally off centre will often describe the weirdest imaginable path through the air, particularly if it passes through various air currents.

A home run depends to a very large extent upon the direction given the batted ball. The importance of this factor may be estimated as nine times that of the speed given the batted ball. By direction we mean not only the horizontal angle, but also the vertical angle at which the ball leaves the bat. For example, no matter how hard the ball is hit, it will never result in a home run unless it clears the outstretched arms of the players in the field.

It is plain that the direction given the batted ball must depend to a large extent upon the manner in which the ball is travelling before it meets the bat. Provided the ball is given a proper rotation on its horizontal axis by the pitcher, the kind of curve best suited to make it difficult to hit it at the proper vertical angle is either the down shoot or the up shoot. On account of the many variable factors concerned science believes that any home run made with either of these curves is a lucky chance pure and simple.

After the ball has been set in motion by the bat with a certain speed, the distance it will go depends upon the vertical angle at which it starts. The most desirable angle is one of 42 degrees with the ground, or about half a right angle. Other factors which determine the distance a batted ball will travel are the speed of the ball, its sphericity, the smoothness of its surface and its lack of rotation. The greater the speed of the ball the more perfectly spherical it is, the smoother its surface and the less rotation with which it travels the farther it will go. Atmospheric conditions, of course, enter into the problem. A ball will go farther in a clear air that is free from moisture. The wind may carry it bodily for quite a distance or may retard its progress.

If science were asked to make it difficult or well-nigh impossible for "Babe" Ruth to hit a home run it would select a day when the barometer was high, with the air so heavy with moisture that it would retard the progress of the batted ball. The pitcher selected would be one good on very slow but curvy downshoots. If such a pitcher were not available, one who had such great speed that he could put any kind of a ball over the plate for the batter would be chosen. With this kind of a pitcher the ball is likely to be hit behind the plate and unlikely to be started on its course at the proper angle. His hitting of a home run could then be made still more difficult by compelling the redoubtable "Babe" to use a bat either so heavy that he could not swing it with much speed, or so light that it would tend to hit the ball at the wrong horizontal angle.

There is a certain spot on the bat, usually a few inches from the end, but varying with different bats, which science knows as the centre of percussion. If the ball hits the bat exactly on this spot the greatest effect is produced. All ball players are aware when the ball hits this spot on the bat, not only through the absence of jar to the arm, but also through a peculiar satisfaction which is hard to define, but which is no doubt physical as well as mental.

"Babe" Ruth's phenomenal home run record is largely due to the fact that, consciously or unconsciously, he has found a way of producing the collision between his bat and the ball on this centre of percussion more frequently than any other player.

What is called the centre of percussion is a principle that enters into the design not only of baseball bats, but of all things designed for men to swing. In the hammer, for example, the centre of percussion should be in the head. If the tool is not designed so that this centre is properly located the hammer is unsatisfactory to use because it jars and tires the arm too much.

The problem of hitting home runs with the surprising frequency that "Babe" Ruth does is one more complicated in the matter of powers of judgment and observation involved than in mechanical principles. Viewed as a mechanical problem, the home run requires a bat just as heavy as a player can use with comfort, the bat to be given a motion as fast as possible when hitting the ball, and striking the ball so that it will be impelled into the air at an angle of approximately 42 degrees or half a right angle. The ball should also, of course, be hit at such a horizontal angle as not to cause a foul.

The weight of the batter has very little to do with the matter of home runs, but his arm muscles are a controlling factor to the extent of, say, fifty per cent. Of course, if his arms are rigid enough to make the bat for all practical purposes a part of his body when he hits the ball, and if his body is swung forward at just that instant, it is possible that a heavy batter, all other things being equal, would be able to knock the ball farther than a lighter player.

Diagram Showing How the Difficulty of Following the Ball (B) Increases as It Approaches Nearer and Nearer to the Batter's Eye (A), the Angle at Which It Is Viewed from Positions 6 and 7 Being Ten Times as Great as That from 1 to 2.

Home runs depend, to a considerable degree, on quickness of the eye and a speedy response of the body's muscles to the message which the eye flashes to the brain. To follow the ball as it leaves the pitcher's hand is no easy matter, as the sphere is often travelling at the rate of 150 feet a second, or nearly two miles a minute. The eye movement necessary to follow it increases greatly as the ball draws nearer and nearer the plate, owing to the increase in the angle of vision which, by the time the ball is over the plate, is about ten times what it was when it left the pitcher's hand.

As I have said, the pitcher often hurls the ball at the rate of 150 feet a second.

But the ball is travelling much faster than that when it leaves "Babe" Ruth's bat after being hit for one of the home runs that have made him famous. This is in accordance with the laws of the impact of elastic bodies.

The Horse-Power Required to Make Fifty of "Babe" Ruth's Home Runs Would Be Sufficient to Raise a 55-Ton Locomotive Half a Foot.

All other things being equal, the faster a ball is thrown the farther it can be batted. You can prove this to your own satisfaction by throwing a ball against a brick wall. The faster it travels, the harder it hits the wall and the farther it will bounce back.

Of course, if it is raining when one of "Babe" Ruth's long hits is made, the drops of water striking the ball will bring it to the ground long before it otherwise would fall. The rain also makes the ball heavier, and as it contains only so much energy to start with, it will be slowed up in its flight on account of some of the energy being used to give the captured rain drops their new velocity.

How much actual energy does "Babe" Ruth expend in hitting one of his home runs? The activity or horsepower involved is very great, but it is in operation only for the fraction of a second.

The ball which "Babe" Ruth hits for a home run weighs about five ounces. If his bat gives it a velocity of 500 feet a second, we find, by applying a well known formula of physics, that 1,200 foot pounds of actual energy or work is done. Now, if it takes Ruth one-twentieth of a second to impart this energy by a swing of his bat, this would be at the rate of 24,000 foot pounds a second, which is about forty-four horsepower.

The king of home run makers is then working at the rate of forty-four horsepower every time he cracks out one of his long hits, but he maintains this rate for such a brief length of time that not very much actual work is involved.

But if the energy exerted by "Babe" Ruth in all the home runs he has made up to date could be collected into a single force it would be a very enormous thing. Twenty-nine such runs last season and more than a score thus far this year—this would be the equivalent of more than 2,000-horsepower—enough if exerted behind a gigantic bat to demolish a building like New York's Metropolitan Tower!

Of course, there are many psychological as well as mechanical factors involved in the hitting of the long series of home runs which "Babe" Ruth has been making for two seasons. The batter must be able to "sense" in some manner not yet fully understood just about what kind of ball the pitcher is going to throw. Then he must be capable of putting his body in readiness with lightning swiftness to meet that kind of ball when it passes over the plate. The player's judgment about the ball must be made within the smallest fraction of a second after it leaves the pitcher's hand.

Through some queer sixth sense—the kinaesthetic sense, as psychologists call it—all batters have the feeling as to whether the ball the pitcher is about to throw is going to pass over the plate or not. In the average batter the impressions conveyed by this sixth sense cannot be more than 60 per cent accurate, but in the case of "Babe" Ruth, as his batting record shows, they must be about 90 per cent accurate. As everybody who plays baseball or ever watches a game knows, you can't strike out and make a home run, and the player can seldom hit a home run unless the ball he strikes is taking a course that would have carried it straight across the plate unless interrupted by his bat.

This, then, is the secret of "Babe" Ruth's home runs as viewed from a scientific standpoint. A highly developed kinaesthetic sense enables him to "sense" the kind of ball the pitcher is going to throw.

When a ball rotating on its horizontal axis and curving most favorably for his purpose comes along he swings his bat at it with an energy sufficient to change its direction and greatly increase its velocity. The bat is swung in such a way that the centre of percussion meets the ball, sending it upward at an angle of 42 degrees and not too far to the right or the left.

When all these things happen the result should be a home run, provided that the pitcher has given the ball proper speed and that the wind and other atmospheric conditions are favorable.

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HIDDEN TREASURE

By DAVID WHITELAW

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

VIVIAN RENTON and Eddie Haverton, modern soldiers of fortune, have been gambling with Hubert Baxenter, a prosperous attorney, in his London apartments. After their departure late at night Renton returns to the house, murders Baxenter and hides the body on the roof. While waiting for night to come again in order to make his escape, he finds in a desk a curious old yellowed document telling of a mysterious chest left in the care of one of Baxenter's ancestors by a French nobleman, the Marquis de Dartigny, of the Chateau Chauville. The chest has been handed down from one generation of Baxenters to another and carefully guarded in the hope that some day its rightful owner will be found. Renton decides to pose as the missing heir and claim the chest. He goes to France to make some needful inquiries about the Dartigny family.

The story of the mysterious chest goes back to the troubled days of the French Revolution when the Marquis was staying in the fancied security of his chateau. His son Gaspard, who was active against the Paris Terrorists, learned his father's life was threatened and sent a friend, Remy Ferancourt, to convey him and Gaspard's little daughter Sylvia to a place of safety in England. In their flight they were pursued by an evil-looking revolutionist. After vainly trying to dodge this pursuer Remy finally attacked him and trussed him up. Later Remy shot him. The next morning the Marquis and little Sylvia sailed for England, where the chest and the document concerning it were turned over to the Baxenters for safe keeping. Now, more than one hundred years later, Hubert Baxenter's murdered body is found, but the police have no clue to the man who killed him. In order to learn what he needs to know about the Dartigny family history Vivian Renton changes his name to Baptiste Dartin, grows a beard, and passes himself off as a Frenchman. He visits Canada, where he learns that one member of the Dartigny family has gone.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Claimant.

THE sun of mid-June beat fiercely down from a brazen sky, and striking the big, polished reflectors outside the windows made the atmosphere in the offices of Messrs. Baxenter well-nigh insupportable. At his desk in a far corner Cantle nodded over a specification, a page of which he had not turned for the last half-hour.

The second clerk, a young man whose attire showed a continual conflict between law and sport, was marking with a pencil the finals in an evening paper, which, doubled up small, protruded from under his ledger. The office youth, whose desk faced the windows, had skilfully disarranged the wire screen, thereby making it possible to catch ravishing glances of the little actresses tripping daintily in their high-heeled shoes and muslin draperies along the Strand to visit their agents.

The Baxenter cat, doubtless from force of a long-established habit, dozed in front of the empty fire-grate. It was very peaceful, very somnolent and very stuffy in the domains of the firm of Baxenter.

But upon the handsome face of the young head of the house there was a look of deep intent as he paced restlessly to and fro on the carpet of the inner room. Now and again he would stop and gaze out over the green half-curtains on to the shady side street, then would turn to the letter which he carried in his hand. He had found it among his correspondence when he returned from his lunch, and he had read with curious sensations the echoes of the long-dead past which it contained. It seemed to him that someone was writing to him across the ages, and, involuntarily, he raised his eyes to the painting by Hoppner of the founder of the firm which hung on the gray-green expanse of wall facing the windows. From it they returned to the papers on his desk, resting finally upon a portrait of a lovely girl, who, from her silver frame, seemed to smile upon the young solicitor.

Robert Baxenter crossed to his chair and sat there in a reverie, telling himself that it was in this very room and sitting in this very chair that his ancestor had listened to the romantic story of the Marquis de Dartigny. In his mind he pictured the old nobleman as he leaned forward, eagerly telling of his hopes and fear; saw the candle-light upon his face and upon the ruffles of lace at his throat, and imagined the professional air of old Adam Baxenter nodding sagely over his stock at his visitor.

As he gazed at the portrait on the wall he could almost swear that a new look had come into the painted eyes; that the old man seemed to smile down upon this descendant who was taking on the work begun so long ago. Perhaps there was something after all in the theory that spirits of the dead returned to the scenes of their earthly strivings.

Then the young man pulled himself together and, turning to his desk, struck twice on a bell. There was a little interval unnoticed understood by anyone who could peep into the life of the outer office—a tap on the door and Cantle entered.

Robert Baxenter looked up from the papers on his desk.

"Ah, Cantle," he said; "shut the door, will you, and come right in. Pull up a chair—that's it. I am going to read you a letter which came among these when I was out. I want you to listen carefully and not interrupt me until I have finished."

The old man was all attention as the solicitor picked out from a litter of papers before him a sheet of thin notepaper. "It is dated," he went on, "the 2d of this month, and is headed 'The Dominion Hotel, Quebec.' Listen.

"'Dear Mr. Baxenter—I hardly know how to address you in this letter, which at best is but an arrow shot into the air. It relates to a tradition, very vague and nebulous, but which has survived in our family for a hundred years and more—in fact, ever since my ancestor Armand, son of Yvette de Dartigny, landed, together with other emigrant French nobles, in Ottawa in 1801. The story—I can imagine it to be nothing more—is, that should a member of the house of de Dartigny (now, alas! corrupted into Dartin) be in London, he should call upon one Baxenton, a notary in that city, using as his introduction the motto of our ill-fated house.

"'Referring to a London directory, I can find no trace of a solicitor of that name, but there is, I see, a Baxenter. I venture, therefore, sir, to acquaint you with the fact that, business taking me to England, I will do myself the honor of waiting upon you at eleven on the morning of the 15th inst.

"'With my respects, I am, my dear sir, yours very faithfully,

"'BAPTISTE DARTIN.'"

As the solicitor put down the letter Cantle half rose to his feet, but sank back onto the chair as Robert Baxenter held up a silencing hand.

"There is a rough drawing," the solicitor went on, "below the signature—some heraldic device—and the motto, 'Cherches avec l'epee.' What do you make of it, Cantle?"

"Make of it, sir?" the old clerk's eyes were round with wonder, "only one thing, Mr. Robert, that the claimant has come at last." As his master had done, Cantle raised his eyes to the portrait on the wall. "It is very strange, all the same, sir—uncanny."

Robert Baxenter replaced the letter in its envelope.

"It is, Cantle; but, to me, it looks straight. You see, Mr. Dartin does not even seem to know that there is a chest; you see, he puts forward no definite claim—he is evidently taking a sporting chance, on some vague tradition. The 17th, why, that's to-morrow. We'll know more then. I'm going to put it out of my mind till to-morrow. Now, we'll look into that matter of the Marsden settlement. The Mackinnon affair is postponed until Mrs. Mackinnon returns from Scotland."

It was a well set-up man of some thirty years of age who entered the offices punctually at eleven o'clock the next morning. He was dressed in a well-fitting suit of light gray tweed and he carried himself athletically. His beard was neatly trimmed into a short point, and his bronzed skin and the low cut of his collar gave him the unmistakable look of a Colonial. In one hand he held a soft felt hat, the other he stretched out to the solicitor.

He greeted Mr. Baxenter with a smile that had something of nervousness in it and that lent a twinkle to his rather grave eyes. In his speech was a suggestion of a Canadian accent. At the solicitor's invitation he took a chair beside the desk, and beneath the seat he placed his gloves and the soft felt hat.

"Well, Mr. Baxenter, here I am—a mighty hunter of wild geese—eh? I appear before you, like Ali Baba, and I say, 'Cherches avec l'epee'—presto!"

"Meaning—?" said the solicitor, with a smile.

"Literally, I think it means 'Seek with the sword.' Yet I come to you unarmed. What it conveys beyond that I cannot guess. Nothing, eh?"

The solicitor's face was noncommittal.

"I didn't say so, Mr. Dartin."

"Well, well, it's no good fencing, anyway; either there is something in it or there isn't. Shall I tell you my story?"

Robert Baxenter bowed assent. The man seated opposite him cleared his throat and prepared for the effort of his life.

"You will have had my letter," he began, "and you will know where I hail from, and what I have called on you for. I was born in Winnipeg, twenty-nine years ago. My father, a simple and somewhat unambitious man, had made a little fortune and seemed very well content with his modest pleasures.

"Our family, Mr. Baxenter, had been settled in Canada since the early part of 1801, when a certain Armand de Dartigny, after a vain fight to recover the estates and position lost to the family during the Revolution, shook the dust of his country from his feet and, together with a small party of ruined nobles, set out to make a new home over seas, and swearing never to set foot again in France."

The narrator paused. He had rehearsed his tale until there was no point on which he considered he could be tripped, yet he found it difficult to keep cool under the keen eyes of his listener. He took a cigarette from his case and, having asked permission, lit it; then he went on:

"During the last century our family has suffered many vicissitudes, but in the main we have prospered. From father to son the tradition of our motto has been handed down. It is said that the head of the de Dartigny family, a cousin of my great-grandfather, emigrated to England at the time of the Terror, and that this gentleman's son, who took an active part in the Royalist cause, on his way to the guillotine, had time to whisper to a man dressed as a peasant in the crowd that he should go to Baxenton, in London, and that his credentials should be the motto of our house. That peasant, Mr. Baxenter, was my great-grandfather, Armand, who went to Canada in 1801.

"Why he did not choose to act upon the advice I do not know. They were times of stress and when anyone who showed signs of gentle birth was hounded from pillar to post. I imagine, too, that he was very short of this world's goods, and I expect the party of young bloods about to start for a new land appealed to him more than the vague utterances of a man about to die. He, no doubt, thought it better to join them than to take what might be a fruitless journey to England.

"In later years, however, he had not forgotten, and the Baxenton affair was looked upon as rather a joke. A message was once sent addressed to 'Baxenton—Notaire—London.' This was, I think, in the early forties, and it elicited no response. There were no directories then, and it was I who had the idea that perhaps a mistake had been made and that the name was Baxenter."

Mr. Baptiste Dartin leaned down and picked up his hat and gloves.

"That is all, Mr. Baxenter. I felt I could not return to Canada without calling on you—one never knows, does one? If I have taken up your valuable time needlessly, I can but apologize."

The solicitor smiled.

"There would be no call for an apology in any case, my dear sir—also, I think you have hit the right nail on the head. Even if it were not so, it would have been worth while to listen to your story. There is so little romance nowadays in this old world of ours that we welcome anything that savors of it. May I ask you a few questions? You can answer them or not as you like."

"Certainly; anything that I can answer you may be sure I will."

Robert Baxenter leaned down and pulled out a drawer in the right-hand pedestal of his desk. He took from it a few papers, which he placed upon the blotting-pad before him.

He was not looking at the man in the chair as he did this or he would have noticed a sudden pallor blanch the tanned cheeks. The gray eyes fixed themselves with a fascination upon the parchment endorsed in the angular writing of Adam Baxenter. In his mind's eye Vivian again saw a darkened room, the Winter sunshine cutting through the drawn blinds. He again seemed to hear the tick-tack of the clock and to breathe the foul air of the shut-up house in Mortimer Terrace. There was a clock upon the office wall, and to Vivian's ears it took up the monotonous refrain of that other clock—tick—tack—mur—der—tick——And then the cool voice of the solicitor came through the maze of his reminiscences, and, with an effort, he braced himself to listen.

"And so," Robert Baxenter was saying, "perhaps you may have heard of the name of this ancestor of yours, whom, you think, came to London?"

"I have—it was Marie Brissac de Dartigny."

"And can you produce any papers—any documents of family affairs?"

His visitor had been evidently expecting that this question would be asked him sooner or later, for he answered readily:

"Ah! there I'm afraid I have only my bare word to give you. Before I was fifteen my father joined an expedition to the Yukon. He had had heavy losses, and the tales of gold to be found in the North tempted him. He never returned, and I was taken care of by a good woman of the village. I had a little money, and when my protectress died I rounded the world. I visited Australia and India, and finally drifted back to Canada, where I have built up a good little business. It is this business which has brought me to London—not this other 'pig in a poke,'" he added, with a laugh.

Robert Baxenter had referred to the parchment when the old aristocrat's name had been mentioned; now he put the papers back and sat for a moment drumming the tips of his fingers together. He reasoned rapidly. Perhaps it was unwise to part with his trust to a man without written credentials; but again, his visitor in mentioning the motto had done all that was required. The transaction was a little loose legally, but the solicitor was more than half anxious to see the end of the white elephant in his strong-room—and he told himself that this man was beyond all doubt the legitimate descendant of the aristocrat who had visited old Adam more than a century ago.

His mind made up, Robert rose and held out his hand.

"I am more than satisfied, Mr. Dartin. True, I would have preferred some documentary evidence as to identity—just as a matter of form. I offer you my very sincerest congratulations. Please come with me."

As the solicitor crossed the room he drew from his pocket a key-chain, and selecting a flat key from the ring proceeded, followed by Mr. Baptiste Dartin, through the clerk's office and down a flight of stone steps.

At the foot, great double doors guarded the entrance to the strong room. Each of these, fitted with combination locks, delayed the solicitor for a few moments; then he switched on the light of a couple of green-shaded bulbs and Dartin saw that they stood in what was practically a large safe. The chamber was some seven feet in height and the air was hot and heavy, and even the electric fan, which the solicitor set in motion, did little to dispel the odor of musty parchments and old leather bindings.

Above the men the traffic of the Strand rumbled and rolled, and the confined feeling of his surroundings acted strongly upon the already disturbed nerve-centres of the visitor. But he mastered himself with an effort and looked around him. It was difficult to keep calm, now that the scheme upon which he had worked so hard had come to fruition and was about to receive the reward.

Ledgers rose, tier upon tier, to the height of, perhaps, six feet, and ranged upon them black japanned deed-cases, like vaulted coffins of dead secrets, frowned down upon him. Baptiste noticed that the names painted in white block letters on their sides had among them some of the oldest and proudest in the kingdom. Along one side of the chamber a bench had been erected at writing height, and a pad of blotting-paper, together with quill pens, an inkwell and a round box of wafers, were placed at one end. At the other a stack of heavy ledgers reached nearly to the roof.

The solicitor had bent down in the far corner and was dragging from its obscurity beneath the bottom ledge a small wooden chest. It was a plain affair, bound strongly with iron corner-clamps, and on the lid a rough device of the de Dartigny arms had been branded with a hot iron. Dartin pointed this out and at the same time held out his hand and showed a signet ring bearing the same device on his finger—a stone that Vivian Renton had had engraved in Paris and set in a circlet of dull gold of antique workmanship. Had Robert Baxenter felt any doubts of his visitor's good faith it would have needed but this to dispel them.

A few formalities over, and the bold signature of Baptiste Dartin was put to the receipt which the solicitor then and there prepared—a document setting forth briefly the history of the trust and the manner of its claiming. The signet ring was pressed into red wax at its foot and the men ascended to the offices above.

To Robert's disappointment the new owner of the chest did not suggest opening it at once. Instead, the clerk and the boy were requested to put it carefully into a cab, and, with an arrangement to dine with the solicitor the next night to hear the result of the inheritance, Mr. Vivian Renton, alias Baptiste Dartin, drove off to take his place in the ranks of the ancient nobility of France.

Left to himself, Robert Baxenter placed the documents of the case together in an envelope, endorsed it, and gave it into Cantle's keeping. With a smile he crossed the room and made an elaborate bow to the portrait of Adam Baxenter. Then his eyes rested upon the girl's photograph on his desk and he looked hurriedly at his watch.

CHAPTER IX.

Stella.

ON the evening of the day when Baptiste Dartin drove away from the offices in the Strand Robert Baxenter was sitting taking tea in a well-appointed flat situated not a hundred miles from Maida Vale. He was sunk comfortably among the cushions in a wicker-chair beside the open window, looking out upon a railed-in square of lawns and paths in which some children were at play. Their voices rose shrill in the evening air with the abandon of little ones who know that bedtime is near and that the best must be made of the flying moments. At the other side of the window a small, middle-aged lady, delicately pretty, was crocheting lace, and a black kitten dabbed hopefully at the ball of cotton at her feet.

"I didn't know Stella had a rehearsal to-day."

As he spoke Robert stole a glance up at an oval frame which hung on the wall between the two windows. It contained the portrait of a girl, young and adorable. A determined little face it was.

(Continued on Next Page)

"Dartin held out his hand and showed a signet ring bearing the same device of the de Dartigny arms that was branded on the lid of the trunk."

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Charming Love—Surprising Mystery—Exciting Adventure

(Continued from Preceding Page)

squarely built, with a chin that spoke of a will-power strangely at variance with the roguish eyes that laughed out from beneath the level brows.

"And so, of course, Stella"—— the little lady was speaking, and the man came back to earth with a start.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Benham. I didn't hear what you said—I was watching the children," he lied. "The little one with the plaid sash has lost her nurse. You were saying"——

Mrs. Benham rescued her ball of cotton from the kitten and placed it beside her on the table.

"I was saying, Robert, that Miss Foster was taken ill very suddenly, and Stella has to play her part till the end of the run. I thought she'd telephoned to you. Perhaps she forgot; she is very excited, and there is so much to learn in"——

There came the rattle of a key in the outer lock and the drawing-room door was burst open and a whirlwind entered—a storm of muslin and flowers and smiles.

"Oh, mummy, it went splendidly! Old Mosenthal says—why, Bobby, I expected you to meet me. Oh, I forgot, I couldn't get on to your number. I'm crazy, Bobby, crazy with happiness!"

Robert had risen and was leading the radiant girl to the chair he had vacated. She threw herself into it and fanned herself with her long gloves. Mrs. Benham was handing the kettle to the trim maid who had followed her young mistress into the room.

"And so you have got your chance, Stella?" An observant man might have noticed a lack of enthusiasm in Robert's voice.

"No, Bobby. I've got the chance of a chance. If all goes well tonight I'm made, Bobby, made. The world will—why, what's wrong?"

The young man was leaning forward and looking up into the lovely gray eyes.

"I'm glad, Stella, that you are so happy, but"——

"You're thinking of my promise —my answer, Bobby?"

"Morning, noon and night, dear. You see, I wouldn't like you just to taste the delights of power, to inhale the incense of applause. You might not feel inclined to leave it all—for me?"

The girl turned and looked out over the gardens. She took hold of the cool muslin curtain and pressed it against her hot cheek.

"Don't you think so, too, Stella?"

"Oh, Bobby, you know I think the world of you—you know I do. But my art, I to—like that, too. Life is such a little thing, isn't it? —and I do want to cram so much into it and squeeze so much out of it. Why can't I give you my answer—and act as well?"

Robert took the slim little hands between his own.

"Because, darling, in my business I have seen so much, straightened out so many matrimonial messes. The stage plays a part in a lot of marriages nowadays; they begin in showers of roses and end in—— No, Stella, a woman should find her applause in the look of her husband, in the love-light in the eyes of her children; she should have no other life but that—they should be all that matters. What should you care—what do you care—for the strangers who gape at you and clap their silly hands together—why should you please them?"

Stella Benham rose suddenly. Her head was again turned to the gardens and a flush had spread over her white neck and rebellion clouded the gray eyes.

"Now, you're lecturing me, Robert; I won't stand it to-day of all days. I'm going to cry in a minute —and—and—I think you're horrid!"

It was all said in a breath, there was a swish of skirts and Robert Baxenter was alone.

He remained where he was, gazing moodily out over the gardens. It was now all but dark, and the last of the tiny revellers were being escorted homeward by their nurses. The block of flats facing him across the trees was a silhouette of purple shadow, in which little squares of soft radiance were twinkling out one by one. How long he sat there he did not know, but he was aroused from his reverie by a taxi drawing up at the door below him. It waited a moment, its engines throbbing, then swung across the road, backed, and with a warning note on the hooter made off quickly in the direction of London.

Robert turned to find Mrs. Benham standing by his chair.

"What is wrong, Robert, between you and Stella? She has gone off to the theatre alone—and she has been crying—she said you would understand."

"Oh, yes, I think I understand—that is, as far as women were meant to be understood. Good night, Mrs. Benham; I've barely time to dress if I want to see Stella in the glory of her new part. Won't you come, too, for once?"

The little lady shook her head.

"My nerves, Robert. Suppose she failed. I really think I would get up and abuse the audience. The time will not pass so quickly here—but it will be more peaceful."

Robert walked part of the way to his room. He felt a little angry with himself at upsetting the girl on the day of her appearance. He hated the stage and all connected with it, but he wished now that he had hidden his own thoughts—at any rate, until Stella had made her appearance in Ruby Foster's part.

"You're lecturing me, Robert," cried Stella. "I won't stand it to-day of all days. I'm going to cry in a minute—and —and—I think you're horrid!"

By half-past nine the young solicitor was in a box at the "Odeon," watching rather sadly the person of Stella Benham, who, attired in the picturesque garb of a gypsy girl, was fascinating the impossible hero of the particular musical comedy which was casting the spell of a moment over the metropolis. Robert's hands clenched hard upon the velvet arm of his stall as he watched.

The scene in the hands of Ruby Foster had seemed to him inane and had never had any meaning, but now that the girl he loved was a principal in it it took on a new significance. He called to mind the evil reputation of the ladies' idol who was now on the stage with Stella, his dissolute associations and habits, and his club-talk of women. It seemed to the man sitting in the box as though every word d'Arcy Epgrave uttered, every gesture was an insult. He felt curiously impotent sitting there among the well-dressed audience. He gazed at the inane faces around him, the bored smiles, the eager, vacant expressions. How he loathed them all!

A titter went up from the house and the solicitor turned his eyes again to the stage. The hero, with a leer that wrinkled up his full cheeks, had slipped an arm round Stella's waist, and had kissed her —not on the cheek, but full on the lips.

The lips!

With a muttered oath Robert rose from his seat and made his way out into the foyer of the theatre. He was beside himself with passion and self-loathing that he should have placed himself in such a degrading position. He took his hat from the cloak-room and walked quickly from the theatre. On through the West End streets, with their crowd of pleasure-seekers, through the quieter ways of Mayfair, and so into the park. It was better here, in this oasis of silence.

How he hated the heat and glamor of the mimic world of the theatre, its tinsel and its paint. He wanted to take Stella—his Stella—away from it all, away from the cities, to watch together the sun set over the downs, and to walk with her in cool woods at evening.

He felt that he could not return to meet her at the theatre. To-night of all nights he could not stand at the little shabby stage-door among the loafers who would be there to see her come out. He knew that Mrs. Benham always drove down in the hired brougham to meet her daughter—and Stella would understand his absence.

It was late when Robert reached his rooms. The Baxenter house had been given up and the new head of the firm found the little bachelor flat in Craven street more to his taste than the gloomy, ghost-ridden house at Regent's Park.

He had taken on his late cousin's man, and he found him now awaiting his return.

Jowett took his master's hat and coat and placed the decanters and syphon ready to hand.

"There's nothing more, Jowett, to-night—when did this come?" Robert took up, as he spoke, an envelope that had been propped up against the clock on the mantelpiece.

"Half an hour ago, sir; the attendant from the theatre brought it round, sir."

And when the man had retired the solicitor slit open the envelope and read the hastily scrawled note.

"Dear Robert—I saw you this evening—and you have really offended me at last. It was bad enough for me to put up with your absurd prejudice to the stage when we were alone, but your behavior in leaving the theatre during my best scene was too bad. I did not think you would carry your idiocy to the length of a public protest.

"I know that I promised to answer your question this month, but I can't do so now. I want to go on with my art. Perhaps in a year, if you care to wait, I will answer you.

"Come and see me, won't you? I would like to see your serious old face when you read the papers to-morrow—I had three calls and such a lovely bouquet, a great mass of orchids and carnations. Yes, come and see me; but no lectures, please, and not a word of—you know what. I'm going to have a year of freedom. Yours,

"STELLA BENHAM.

"P. S.—I gave the bouquet to the little man who plays the second fiddle in our orchestra. He is taking it home to his wife—she's been ill for months and has got four little children. He was so pleased with it—but he cried when he thanked me. S. B."

Robert's first thought, as he folded the letter carefully and put it away in his bureau, was that a few words with the headstrong girl would put things right, and that his action in leaving the theatre would have had, at least, the effect of bringing matters to a head. On consideration, however, it seemed better that he should take Stella at her word and give her her year of freedom. After all, she was only nineteen, and the solicitor felt certain that twelve months of stage life would be more than sufficient to play his game for him.

Robert called at Bellingham Mansions the next afternoon at his usual hour and accepted what he mockingly referred to as "the inevitable." Stella had hardly expected, nor had she desired, this unconditional capitulation, and it robbed her position of much of its sweetness.

And then for two weeks the young man absented himself. The work at the Strand office was heavy, and Robert was making way through it in anticipation of his annual holiday. A week before Stella's letter he had refused a very tempting invitation of a club acquaintance to join him on his yacht. This he now regretted, and a letter to young Archie Wendover elicited the welcome news that his cabin on the Gazeka was still waiting his occupation. In fact, it was nearly three weeks before he called at the flat to say good-by, although he had written pretty frequently.

He found Mrs. Benham alone. Stella, she told him, was at rehearsal—she had the name-part in a company that was going on tour immediately—a No. 1 company; oh, yes, she had left the "Odeon." It was really quite unbearable for her after Miss Foster had taken up her part again—of course, it was unfortunate that Mr. Mosenthal was away—the girls were all so jealous that——. The old lady had rambled on, and Robert half turned his back so that she should not see that he was smiling. So, he thought, Stella was learning her lesson already.

The girl herself came in as he was leaving. She was hot and tired and a little disagreeable. She had had rather a stormy scene with the stage manager, an ill-bred young man who resented "the chief's" introduction of raw talent.

Stella told Bobby all about it as she waited for some fresh tea to be brought in. She had not intended to talk, but there was a friendliness about the square face and gray eyes of Robert Baxenter which asked for confidence. The hearer, however, was not very sympathetic as he listened to the angry girl's description of the stage manager.

"There are a lot like him," he said. "I shouldn't wonder if the leading lady you have supplanted is a member of his family—his sister, his——"

"Mother, I should say," said the girl as she bit her strong little teeth into a crisp piece of toast.

Robert smiled unperceived.

"Oh, hardly that, Stella—the stage hasn't much use for people who have grown-up sons. It's a short life—some say that it is a merry one."

Stella's eyes flashed defiance.

"So it is, Bobby—a splendid life."

There was a moment's silence; then Robert took up his hat and held out his hand to the girl.

"I was just going, Stella; I'm glad you came in. I was going round to the theatre if I hadn't heard the news from your mother that you had left the 'Odeon.' I'm joining Archie in that trip to the Mediterranean. I don't expect I will be back before the end of September."

"Oh." The tone was non-committal.

"You'll write, Stella, won't you?" Robert was sorry that what he had said had hurt the girl, but sharp medicine was necessary. "They'll forward on from the office. I—I'll keep track of you by the Era." He held out his hand. "Good-bye, Stella—and, if ever you want—oh, hang it all! I'm your pal, Stella, always your pal."

She jumped up and went to the window as he hurried down the stairs. She felt she would have given her ambitions, her life, to feel his lips on hers, to bury her nose in his shoulder and cry—just cry. She watched his broad shoulders as he crossed the gardens, and when at last he was out of sight she turned and, brushing hastily past her mother, flew to her bedroom.

And Mrs. Benham gathered up her scattered crochet-work and gave a little fluttering sigh, and wondered if she had been like that when she was young.

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(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

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Never cut the cuticle. Cutting makes rough, ragged edges and causes hangnails a few days after manicuring

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Apply Cutex Nail White underneath nails directly from tube

All specialists agree that in caring for the nails, your effort should be to keep the cuticle *unbroken*.

You can have shapely, symmetrical nails without clipping or cutting. Cutex was scientifically prepared to meet the need for a harmless cuticle remover. It is absolutely harmless. The moment you use it you realize you have at last found the one simple, successful way to take care of the cuticle—a way that will *keep* it trim.

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Cutex Cake Polish gives the nails a brilliant water-proof finish

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The Home Repair Day

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

TO paraphrase a popular slogan: "Do you have a little repair day in your home?" There comes at this period of Summer the need of a general overhauling—or what our fathers would have called a "tinkering"—around the house.

Perhaps some of us remember the happy days when it was possible to secure a plumber or a carpenter or a "handy man" for less than our present annual savings! Alas, these days are no more, and added to the higher prices of labor is a shortage so stringent that it is almost impossible to secure it at any price.

The same situation is general throughout the country and forces me to the conclusion that all of us will have to do our own "tinkering" for some time to come. But why not? Think of the money we will save and the experience we will receive. Doesn't every woman long to hold down a real man's job? Hasn't she always said she could hammer a nail as straight as any one and wished to be a boy so that she could do some "real work" in the world?

This is the great opportunity for every woman to practise mechanical arts by having a repair day in the home. Is there a single home which does not have screens to put up, linoleum to lay, doors to plane, washers to put on and painting of all kinds needed at the advent of warm weather? Let Mrs. Housekeeper don her "womanails" and "go to it," as the boys say.

But first she needs the right tools. And while the list of these may differ, I believe the following would fulfill all general needs:

Medium-weight hammer, ten-inch screw driver, handy soldering outfit, force pump, three-foot folding rule, scissors, tack puller, small hand saw, assorted size washers, oil can, assorted tacks and nails and a monkey or pipe wrench.

With this outfit she should be able to face all the least serious of household ills. Of course, brushes and a glass cutter and a putty knife and a small plane would also be useful.

I think the manufacturer who would put out a special box of tools for the housewife in some sort of convenient carrying box would have a quick and wide seller. At present it seems to me most women buy ten-cent store tools only because they have not a better selection offered them. The one or two elaborate outfits now on the market are more "basket and outfit" than tools.

Before I start any kind of repair day I would make a list of exactly what had to be done and the supplies needed for each special task. Preferably I would start at the top of the house and work down to save steps and tracking. I would also wear the most sensible clothing, bloomers or overalls, if the work was high or involving the use of a stepladder.

Who said a woman couldn't drive a nail as straight as a man or operate a piece of mechanism as efficiently as that member of the human race who is not ashamed to show that he is two-legged? The old idea that every girl baby is born with an egg beater and a package of needles is all bosh, stuff and nonsense.

This movement against the high price of clothing is gaining headway, as clearly seen by the increased donning of overalls. Would it not be equally popular for the great middle class union of consumers to refuse to pay the present exorbitant prices of repair and do the work themselves? It is impossible for the average family in the class of the clerk, the minister, the college professor to pay such a proportion of their salary for the jobs which keep their house mended and painted and, as the old people used to say, "ship-shape."

Why not let father do it? I hear some readers say. Why expect the housekeeper to add this burden to her already crowded day? I will answer, for several reasons. In the first place, if father can find time after his day's work is done, well and good. But I have long stood amazed at father "doing chores" in addition to his usual business routine, unless said chores are a relaxation! Now, they are a rest to some men; on the other hand, it is piling Ossian upon Pelion to add an artisan's labors to the weary shoulders of many professional men.

On the contrary, I think that such small mechanical tasks would present a welcome relief to the typical housewife who is constantly complaining of the monotony of her cooking and cleaning and mending. Also it is the housewife or mother who can direct the effort of her growing children in this line, not only so that they shall help her, but so that the work shall be a means of training in itself to them in their plastic years.

I am proud that I have a young neighbor who has entirely papered a large living room all by her own efforts, and done it so well, indeed, that any professional might well be proud of the work. She tells me she enjoyed it, and probably it adds to her enjoyment that she had the work done exactly when she wanted to and also has a snug sum saved in her pocket.

There are books aplenty on how to do this or that. The "home carpenter," the manual for the handy man and others of that ilk, can be secured in paper covers for fifty cents or one. And in these days of well-illustrated magazines any woman can take a complete correspondence course from the diagrams and helpful practical matter in their pages.

Mother's repair day in the home will cut the cost of living, the cost of replacement, the cost of labor; it will also bring some pleasure into the greater order it produces as well as a delight in the work itself, not only to those women who have always liked "men's work," but to practically every woman who takes pleasure in her home, and who does not mind taking on new work in order to see her home and its furnishings at their best.

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Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Cooked Fruit, Cereal, Tomato Omelet, Buttered Toast, Coffee.	Cantaloupe, Oatmeal, Broiled Bacon, Corn Muffins, Coffee.	Baked Apples, Cold Steamed Rice, French toast, Jam, Coffee.	Cereal, Sliced Bananas, French Omelet, Toast, Coffee.	Pineapple, Fish Balls, Tomato Jam, Muffins, Coffee, Cocoa.	Berries, Oatmeal, Shirred Eggs, Toast, Coffee.	Melons, Cereal, Soft Boiled Eggs, Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Stuffed Eggs au Gratin, Muffins, Sliced Peaches.	Vegetables in Casserole, Sliced Tomatoes, Blueberry Pies.	Potato and Egg Salad, Stewed Fruit, Cookies.	Green Corn Pudding, Spinach Salad, Muffins, Iced Tea.	Baked Peppers stuffed with Bread Crumbs, Lettuce Salad, Prune Jelly.	Potato Croquettes, Apple, Pineapple and Banana Salad.	Cold Roast Beef, Potato Salad, Sliced Tomatoes, Junket Ice Cream, Cookies.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Stuffed Breasts of Veal, Steamed Rice, Currant Jelly, Coffee Sponge, Whipped Cream.	Veal Salad Green Pepper Rings, Rolls, "Glorified" Rice Pudding.	Broiled Steak, Mashed Potatoes Steamed Squash, Fruit Salad.	Hamburg Steak, Potatoes, Sliced Tomatoes, Caramel Blanc Mange, Coffee.	Boiled Halibut, Egg Sauce, Mashed Potatoes, Buttered Beets, Sliced Cucumbers, Deep Apple Pie.	Roast Beef, Boiled Potatoes, Corn Pudding, Apple Sauce, Whipped Cream and Custard Sauce.	Egg Sandwiches, Tomato Sandwiches, Baked Cup Custards.

Delicious Fruit Ice, Frappe and Sherbet Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Peach Ice.

PRESS ripe peaches through sieve and to 1 quart of peach pulp add the juice of 1 lemon and 1 orange. Boil 1½ cups sugar with ½ cup water 2 or 3 minutes, cool and add to fruit. Freeze as usual.

Lemon Ice.

BOIL 1 quart water and 2 cups sugar 7 or 8 minutes. Add ¾ cup strained lemon juice, cool, strain again if necessary, and freeze, using three parts ice to one part salt.

Orange Ice.

BOIL 1 quart water and 2 cups sugar 7 or 8 minutes. Add 2 cups orange juice, the juice of 1 lemon and a little grated orange rind. Care should be taken to remove only the outside (the thin yellow coating) from the rind. Cool and freeze, using three parts ice to one part salt.

Raspberry Ice.

SPRINKLE with 1 cup sugar 1 quart raspberries which have been picked over and rinsed gently with cold water. Cover and let stand for 2 or 3 hours. Mash and strain, add 1 cup water and a little lemon juice and freeze. A little lemon juice improves all fruit ices, since it seems to develop the flavor of the other fruit.

Pineapple Frappe.

BOIL 1 cup sugar with 2 cups water 15 minutes. Add 1 can shredded pineapple, ½ cup lemon juice and 2 cups cold water. Strain and freeze to a mush, using equal parts ice and salt.

Currant Ice.

PICK over, stem and wash 1 quart ripe red currants. Mash, add 2 cups hot water and bring slowly to boiling point. Then boil gently until soft. Strain, add 2 cups sugar and stir until sugar melts. Cool and freeze.

Canned Apricot Ice.

PRESS 1 can apricots through sieve or potato ricer. Dissolve 2 cups sugar in 1 quart boiling water, cool and add to the apricots. The juice of 1 or 2 lemons will improve the ice. Freeze in 3 parts ice and 1 part salt.

Cranberry Frappe.

PICK over, wash and mash 1 quart ripe cranberries. Boil them with 2 cups water for 10 minutes. Strain and add 2½ cups sugar. Add the juice of 2 lemons and, if desired, ½ cup of orange juice. Freeze to a mush with equal parts of ice and salt.

Canned Pineapple Sherbet.

BRING 3 cups water and 1 cup sugar to boiling point. Add to ½ teaspoon gelatine which has been soaked in 1 tablespoon cold water 5 minutes or longer. Cool and add 2 well-beaten egg whites. Then add 1¼ cups grated canned pineapple and the juice of 1 lemon. Freeze as usual.

Rhubarb Sherbet.

SOAK 1½ teaspoons gelatine in ½ cup cold water 10 minutes. Add to rhubarb prepared as follows: Wash 2 pounds rhubarb cut in small pieces. Add 2½ cups sugar, 2 cups water and a little finely chopped Canton ginger. Bake slowly until pink in a covered baking dish. After gelatine added strain, cool and add 1½ tablespoons lemon juice. Freeze.

Pear and Pineapple Ice.

PRESS 1 can pears through sieve and add 1 can grated pineapple pressed through sieve or potato ricer. The ice is more delicate if only the juice of the pineapple is used. Add juice of 1 or 2 lemons. Boil 2 cups water with 2½ cups sugar 5 minutes. Cool and add to fruit. Freeze.

Fresh Mint Frappe.

PICK over and wash a small handful of mint leaves. Add to 4 cups water and 2 cups sugar and boil 8 minutes. Strain and add 1½ teaspoons gelatine soaked in 2 tablespoons cold water. Cool and add ½ cup lemon juice and freeze to a mush, using equal parts ice and salt. If a clear green color is desired use vegetable coloring. A very small amount of the coloring is necessary to color any amount of frappe.

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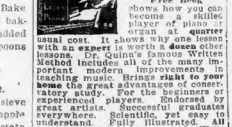

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Beauty Advice

I AM a blonde and would be pretty but for my eyebrows and eyelashes, which are too light. How can I improve them? —GLADYS F.

Your eyebrows and lashes can be darkened by massaging them daily with lanolin, which stimulates their growth. If that does not darken them quickly enough then you can massage them with the following mixture, exercising particular care all the while that none of it enters the eye itself:

Sulphate of quinine	10 grains
Oil of sweet almonds	2 ounces

MY hands are extremely thin because of constant piano practice. How can I plumpen them?—J. H.

The treatment essential to plumpen the hands involves chiefly a gentle massage of them every night with almond oil or lanoline. Olive oil, also, helps to put on the needed flesh. These oils will nourish the skin and the underlying tissues in a remarkably short time, provided you give your hands faithful attention and are sure that the unguents are well rubbed in.

KINDLY give me a recipe for a delicately scented but lasting sachet powder.—BUSINESS GIRL.

A delightfully agreeable lavender sachet powder is given below. In making it up be sure that all of the substances are coarsely powdered and mixed thoroughly:

Dried lavender flowers (powdered)	5 ounces
Cyprus powder	3 ounces
Benzoin (powdered)	1½ ounces
Oil of lavender	¾ dram

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All statements approved by high dental authorities

Millions of teeth now glisten as they have not done before. You see them everywhere.

A new method of teeth cleaning has, in late years, come into very wide use. Thousands of dentists are urging it. Multitudes of people have proved it and adopted it. And every person is now offered a free ten-day test.

To combat the film

The purpose is to combat the film which causes most tooth troubles. Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. In the months between your dental cleanings it may do a ceaseless damage.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Very few escape

Very few people have escaped some of these tooth troubles, despite the daily brushing. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve film, so the tooth brush has left much of it intact.

Dental research has for many years sought a way to fight this film, and the way has now been found. Many clinical tests have amply proved its efficiency. And now leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And millions of people are now enjoying its benefits.

Sent to any one who asks

The Pepsodent results are quick and apparent. Everyone who sees them will desire them. So, to spread the facts, a 10-Day Tube is sent to anyone who asks.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

A new discovery has made pepsin possible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But now a harmless activating method enables us to constantly fight the film-coat in this way.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Do this now, for few things are more important. The results may be life-long in extent. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
The New-Day Dentifrice
A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to
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Only one tube to a family.

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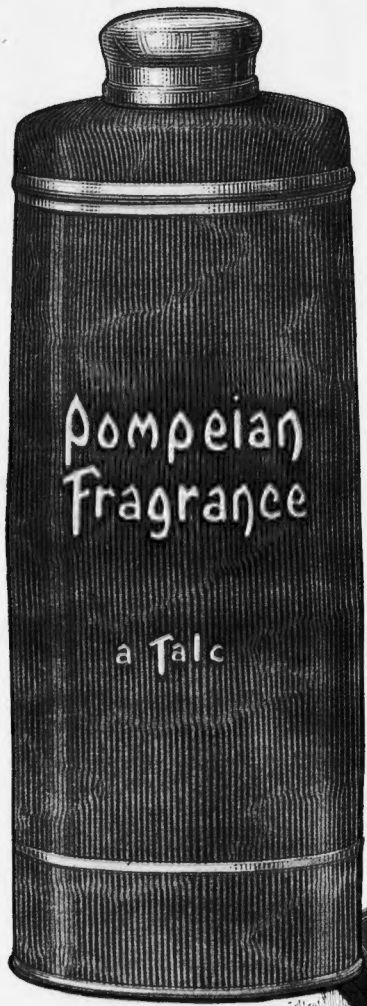
Pompeian Fragrance

a Talc

"Its Fragrance Brings You Instant Charm



A LIGHT dusting of Pompeian Fragrance (a talcum) will absorb excessive moisture from your skin and lend an indefinable charm to your person.

The perfume from flowering meadows, the cooling touch of wayward breezes unite in the smooth loveliness of Pompeian Fragrance, a talc your grateful skin will welcome with delight. The perfume is delicate and refreshing, the powder is as soft and clinging as rose pollen. Its use gives constant pleasure.

There are several times a day when an active person can wisely use a dash of Pompeian Fragrance. At all toilet counters, 25 cents.

GUARANTEE

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.

Special Offer—Half-Box Powder and Trial Talc Can

Either or both sent to one person only in a family. For a dime you get a half-box of 50c Pompeian BEAUTY Powder and samples of BLOOM and DAY Cream. For a nickel you get a beautiful trial can of Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a talcum) for your purse. For 15c you get both. (BEAUTY Powder offer is good ony in case neither you nor any member of your family has tried it before.) Many interesting beauty experiments can be made with these trial packages. No letter necessary with coupon. We'll understand.

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"Don't Envy Beauty—
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THE POMPEIAN CO.,
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Send this coupon to above address. Enclose 10c (dime) for half-box Pompeian Beauty Powder. Or 5c (nickel) for handy can of Pompeian Fragrance (a talcum). Or 15c (dime and nickel) for both packages.

NOTE WELL: Please print plainly in pencil.

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Flesh Beauty Powder sent unless another shade requested.